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From Beginning

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GERMANY AT THE COUNCIL TABLE

BY COUNT VON BROCKDORFF-RANTZAU

SINCE February 14, the position of Germany in foreign affairs has not essentially changed. It is true that the war is not yet ended, but we may assume that peace stands before the door. The task of bringing about peace is in a line with my attempts to reform our foreign service. We need machinery as complete as possible in order to attain, from the most difficult position in which Germany is now placed, to a tolerable peace. We must not be too hopeful, but we need not despair. Our opponents have during the winter attempted to strike terror into us by the unmeasured demands of their press, and to accustom us to expect the worst. Now they speak less arrogantly. Now we are told that Germany will be astonished to see how moderate are the demands which they intend to make. We must not allow these pictures of the future, whether painted dark or bright, to alter the attitude which we must take up at the Council table. We confront hardy and cool-headed enemies, and we have only one weapon against them — the appeal to the general conditions of peace to which we agreed at the beginning of November before we gave up our weapons and our position. We cannot sign a peace treaty which deviates from those conditions in a single essential point. The territorial demands of the enemy call for only a few observations. Once more I must press the German claim that the right of free and unconditional self-determination shall be recognized in the case of Alsace-Lorraine. Our enemies ought to see that the manner in which Alsace-Lorraine is now treated will decide the future peace of Europe and of the world. From an apple of discord it should become a link between the two great nations which in the future will be even more dependent than before upon friendship with each other.

In the East we have come through a severe crisis. For the moment it seems over, since the Entente has allowed itself to be dissuaded from the project of a landing at Danzig. But it has categorically asserted its claim thereto, and the utmost care is needed to prevent the repetition of a demand which we should be forced, for practical and rightful reasons, unconditionally to refuse. In the matter of Northern Schleswig, matters have come to

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a head. Various unofficial negotiators in Denmark are laying more and more exorbitant demands before the Entente at the expense of an enfeebled Germany. An unscrupulous agitation might turn to account the hunger of even German Middle-Schleswig by forcing a declaration of self-determination in the Danish sense. It is impossible to exaggerate the urgency of the measures which will be needed to guard against these contingencies. Far-sighted Danish politicians realize how sorely their land would suffer under a German Irredenta, and how deceptive would be the spoils which Denmark might carry off as a gift from the Entente. If the late German Government declared last August that it had resolved to apply the Wilsonian principles to the debatable North-Schleswig districts, it meant to signify only those territories of indisputably Danish population. The preparations for the incorporation of German-Austria have meanwhile made progress. The Austrian Commission, under the leadership of the famous lawyer Klein, is known, and the German Commission also will shortly be made known. Undercurrents, which work against the final goal, do not disturb me. We stand before a historic development which pursues its course with iron inflexibility. Therefore, I might utter the warning not to precipitate this development; it is unnecessary, nay, dangerous, to do so. It is enough to work on quietly and practically in our task.

Financial demands cause our opponents at least as much difficulty as territorial claims, and no wonder. It is absolutely out of the question to solve the problem of financial claims on Germany without first discussing the matter with our experts. We are ready to meet our opponents frankly at the Council table on the questions of indemnity for damages and our capacity to pay. It would lead more quickly to the goal if they debated with us, instead of trying, week by week and month by month, to agree among themselves over principles which would not stand the test of actual reality. Our opponents should dispassionately take into account the political and economic position of Germany in their calculations. They cannot break her up and maim her and at the same time draw from her the immense sums on which they are counting. Only a Germany becoming economically stronger can help her former enemies to make good the economic havoc wrought by the war. To this end we require the free restoration of the West which is of such industrial and agricultural importance, and which is now not only occupied by the enemy, but, in accordance with the armistice terms, cut off from the rest of Germany. We require the speedy raising of the blockade, that cruel weapon by which, despite the armistice, war is still waged against us. Finally, we require the importation of necessaries of life under conditions which enable us to purchase them. We do not fail to acknowledge the generous attitude of many who have striven to provide the Central Powers with means of subsistence, and we are especially grateful to the Pope, who has used his influence since the early stages to secure speedy help against starvation. In the carrying out of the contract, certainly, we have to deal with purely business questions. The prices, and the method of payment, do not allow us to consider these supplies as provisions of charity, and a comparison with the manner in which the German authorities supplied beleaguered Paris with food after the armistice leaves the balance of credit with them.

But we expect from our Western

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opponents more than the means of subsistence. We need raw materials, in order to take up our manufactures, and in order to purchase these raw materials we need credit. If our enemies really think Germany capable of paying them as much as they say, they must believe in the future of Germany as I believe in it, and it follows that they must be ready to grant credit. In all business matters trust is required, and he who trusts us will not find his trust betrayed. A similar relationship of mutual economic help exists between Germany and the East. When there no longer exist any grounds for the fear that Russian industry may be enslaved by German capital, the German and the Russian peoples should consider what they have to offer to each other. It is true that before this can take place the new Russia must renounce every form of domination by force as against ourselves. Deputy Hoch asked me just now if it was true that the Russian Government had clearly and explicitly stated to our government that it was ready to conclude peace, that it had no intention of leading its armies over our frontiers, and that its only request was that our armies should remain within our frontiers. Such a declaration has *not* been received from the Russian Government by the German Government.

These pressing problems of the present and the immediate future, problems which I can but indicate in passing, entail upon the Ministry for Foreign Affairs many and difficult tasks. How are these tasks to be confronted with the powers at our disposal? I know that it is an old habit to withhold confidence from my Ministry. The completion of these tasks is not rendered easier thereby. I know that it is said that in the Ministry for Foreign Affairs things go on always in the same old drowsy way. Whoever says this takes no note of the changes which have already been made or which are approaching. I have no inclination to live on the criticism of my predecessors. Truly the nourishment may be abundant, but it would also be indigestible. I am firmly resolved to make changes.

The first important matter is the reform of the public services. Instead of the method of division hitherto adopted, on the basis of subject-matter, I propose to introduce a system of districts. Each important county will have its special expert, and in this way we shall acquire a body of real trained advisers who can undertake the entire supervision of a county. The Foreign Missions will have especial experts allotted to them, who will study the social institutions of the country, and seek to win the sympathy of the working classes. Hand in hand with this reform goes the reform of the staff. Owing to the disappearance of the distinction between a diplomatic and a consular career, the choice of our diplomats for the higher posts is made over a wide field of candidature. It is obviously necessary, in order to express outside our own frontiers the inner political changes which Germany has undergone, to make alterations with regard to certain posts in neutral foreign countries. I should like to impress upon you as emphatically as possible that the Government must be prepared to place in isolated posts of importance in foreign countries men who through their public work have won confidence at home, but that the chief necessity is always to provide experts with especial and valuable qualifications. The greatest obstacle to reform is, strange though it sounds, lack of accommodation. We need a new building for the Foreign Office.

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Then, too, the staff must be really well paid; this must be managed in spite of all economies.

But with the best public organizations and staffing in the world, no satisfactory foreign policy is possible if the springs from which we draw our powers for the Foreign Service are poisoned or dried up, if the nation for which we are to work devours its substance in civil strife. In spite of all, I believe in the future of Germany. All States involved in the world-war, whether conquerors or conquered, are in equal distress. It is true that Germany has fallen low, but the injury to civilization which the war brings in its train affects as well those nations which would fain sun themselves in the rays of military victory. They have all been forced to make sacrifices of immense national value. There is scarcely a nation which will not be disappointed by the peace which is being negotiated in Paris, and this disappointment contains the seeds of a great danger. If the war, which everywhere broke up the old order of things, had encouraged anarchistic tendencies, so will peace, which brings toil and want in place of the longed-for prosperity, encourage still further the forces of destruction. Here is the common enemy, here the common task. Here avails no recrimination, no brooding over the past. We must in union set ourselves to work, that our children and grandchildren may reap the fruits of our labors. A symbol of this resolve is Germany's obligation to reconstruct Belgium and Northern France. We have entered into the obligation in the full consciousness that we can only fulfill it in active cooperation with our enemies, and we deplore doubly that their mistrust attempts to force fulfillment by revengeful ill-treatment of their German prisoners. What might be a work of reconciliation becomes thereby a motive for fresh hatred. He who sincerely strives that the world shall gain from the war a new conception of the family of nations, must seek to banish all motives of hatred, revenge, and compensation from the peace conditions. If we open the question of responsibility and try to answer it openly and honestly, we do it not from such motives as these, but in order to recognize the errors which have been made, and sharply to underline them. The investigation of guilt should be simply a means of political education. And our eyes must be directed, not backward, but forward, to a community of nations in which the demands of national interests are no longer at variance with service to humanity.

Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung

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IN REPLY TO MR. WILSON

BY SIGNOR ORLANDO

YESTERDAY, while the Italian Delegation was assembled, discussing an alternative proposal sent them from the British Prime Minister, for the purpose of conciliating the opposing tendencies that had shown themselves in regard to Italian territorial aspirations, the newspapers of Paris published a message from the President of the United States, Mr. Wilson, in which he expressed his own opinion in reference to some of the most serious problems that have been submitted to the judgment of the Conference. The step of making a direct appeal to the different peoples certainly is an innovation in international intercourse. It is not my intention to complain about it, but I do take official notice of it so as to follow this precedent, inasmuch as this new system, without doubt, will aid in granting the different peoples a broader participation in international questions, and inasmuch as I have always personally been of the opinion that such participation was a sign of a newer era.

However, if such appeals are to be considered as being addressed to peoples outside the governments that represent them, I should say almost in opposition to their governments, it is a great source of regret for me to remember that this procedure which up to now has been used only against enemy governments is to-day for the first time being used against a government which has been and has tried to be always a loyal friend of the great American Republic, against the Italian Government. I could also complain that such a message addressed to the people has been published at the very moment when the Allied and Associated Powers were in the middle of negotiations with the Italian Government, that is to say, with the very government whose participation had been solicited and highly valued in numerous and serious questions, which up to now had been dealt with in full and intimate faith. But, above all, I shall have the right to complain if the declarations of the Presidential Message signified opposition to the Italian Government and people, since in that case it would amount to ignoring and denying the high degree of civilization which the Italian nation has attained in these forms of democratic and liberal rule, in which it is second to no nation on earth. To oppose, so to speak, the Italian Government and people would be to admit that this great free nation could submit to the yoke of a will other than its own, and I shall be forced to protest vigorously against such suppositions unjustly offensive to my country.

I now come to the contents of the Presidential message. It is devoted entirely to showing that the Italian claims, beyond certain limits defined in the message, violate the principles upon which the new régime of liberty and justice among nations must be founded. I have never denied these principles, and President Wilson will do me the justice to acknowledge that in the long conversations that we have had together, I have never relied on the formal authority of a treaty by

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which I knew very well that he was not bound. In these conversations I have relied solely on the force of the reason and the justice upon which I have always believed, and upon which I still believe the aspirations of Italy are solidly based. I did not have the honor of convincing him. I regret it sincerely, but President Wilson himself has had the kindness to recognize in the course of our conversations that truth and justice are the monopoly of no one person, and that all men are subject to error, and I add that the error is all the easier as the problems to which the principles apply are more complex. Humanity is such an immense thing, the problems raised by the life of the people are so infinitely complex, that nobody can believe that he has found in a determined number of proposals as simple and sure a way to solve them as if it were a question of determining the dimensions, the volume, and the weight of bodies with various units of measure. While remarking that more than once the Conference nearly failed completely when it was a question of applying these principles I do not believe that I am showing disrespect toward this high assembly. On the contrary, those changes have been and still are the consequence of all human judgment. I mean to say only that experience has proved the difficulties in the application of these principles of an abstract nature to concrete cases. Thus with all deference, but firmly, I consider as unjustified the application made by President Wilson in his message of his principles to Italian claims.

It is impossible for me in a document of this sort to repeat the detailed proofs, which were produced in great number. I shall only say one cannot accept without reservation the statement that the downfall of the Austro-Hungarian Empire implies a reduction of the Italian aspirations. It is even permissible to believe the contrary — that is, that at the very moment when all the varied peoples who constituted that Empire sought to organize according to their ethnic and national affinities the essential problem caused by the Italian claims can and must be completely solved. Now this problem is that of the Adriatic, in which is summed up all the rights of both the ancient and the new Italy, all her sufferings throughout the centuries, and all the benefits she is destined to bring to the great international community. The Presidential message affirms that with the concessions which she has received Italy would attain the walls of the Alps, which are her natural defenses. This is a grant of vast importance, upon condition that the eastern flank of that wall does not remain uncovered, and that there be included among the rights of Italy that line from Mount Nevese separating the waters which flow toward the Black Sea from those which empty into the Mediterranean. It is this mountain which the Romans themselves have called the *Limes Italianus*, since the very hour when the real figure of Italy appealed to the sentiment and the conscience of the people. Without that protection a dangerous breach would remain open in the admirable natural barrier of the Alps, and it would mean the rupture of that unquestionable political, historical, and economic unity constituted by the peninsula of Istria. I believe, moreover, that he who can proudly claim that it was he who stated to the world the free right of self-determination of nations is the very person who must recognize this right for Fiume, an ancient Italian city, which proclaimed its Italian-ness even before the Italian ships were near to Fiume, an admirable

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example of a national consciousness perpetuated throughout the centuries. To deny it this right for the sole reason that it has to do only with a small community would be to admit that the criterion of justice toward nations varied according to their territorial expansion, and if to deny this right we fall back on the international character of this port must we not take into account Antwerp, Genoa, Rotterdam — all of them international ports which serve as outlets for a variety of nations and regions without their being obliged to pay dearly for this privilege by the suppression of consciousness?

And can one describe as excessive the Italian aspiration for the Dalmatian coast, this bulwark of Italy throughout the centuries, which Roman genius and Venetian activity have made noble and great, and whose Italian-ness, defying all manner of implacable persecution throughout an entire century, to-day shares with the Italian nation the same emotions of patriotism? The principle is being adduced with regard to Poland that denationalization obtained by violent and arbitrary methods should not constitute grounds for *de jure* claims. Why not apply the same principle to Dalmatia? And if we wish to support this rapid synthesis of our good international fights by cold statistical facts I believe I am able to state that among the various national reorganizations which the Peace Conference has already brought about, or may bring about in the future, none of these reorganized peoples will count within its new frontiers a number of people of a foreign race proportionately less than that which would be assigned to Italy. Why, therefore, is it especially the Italian aspirations that are to be suspected of imperialistic cupidity?

In spite of all these reasons, the history of these negotiations shall demonstrate that the firmness which was necessary to the Italian delegation was always associated with a great spirit of conciliation in the search for a general agreement that we all wished for fervently. The Presidential message ends by a warm declaration of friendship of America toward Italy. I answer in the name of the Italian people, and I acclaim with pride the right and the honor which is due me as the man who, in the most tragic hour of this war, uttered to the Italian people the cry of resistance at all costs. This cry was listened to and answered with a courage and abnegation of which few examples can be found in the history of the world, and Italy, thanks to the most heroic sacrifices and the purest blood of her children, has been able to climb from an abyss of misfortune to the radiant summit of the most resounding victory. It is, therefore, in the name of Italy that I, in my turn, express the sentiment of admiration and deep sympathy that the Italian people has for the American people.

The Italian Press Bureau, April 24

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AMERICA AND PEACE

BY CHARLES CESTRE

THE American people is a people of great energy. As soon as it had risen to the height of its great duty, it accepted it fully. In an address on January 22d, the President had already announced that the peace of the world would have to be guaranteed by sanctions, and that the League of Nations would have to repose upon 'the organized major force of mankind.' It was with practically one consent that the nation accepted the breaking off of diplomatic relations, and, shortly after, the declaration of war. The means were adapted to the ends with a decision and promptness in which the earnestness of the people anticipated the requests of the government. Conscription, tripled taxes, the huge loans issued in quick succession, the repeated subscriptions on behalf of charities of moral and social interest in America and the Allied countries, the food restrictions and the cutting down of expenses, everything was accepted with patriotic light-heartedness. The vigor of the individual efforts, the spontaneously offered services of eminent men, the readiness with which the great companies accepted the direction of the State, the willingness of women to take the places of men in trades and professions, the generous warm-heartedness of the crowds in encouraging the valor of the soldiers, the forgetting of the old quarrels with England, the enthusiastic sympathy for France — the intensity of their feeling and their highly tensioned activity in a thousand forms, proved how deeply the moral signification of the conflict had penetrated into their consciences and what support they all drew, in their determination to serve, from the great hope of human progress which glowed beyond the sacrifices.

Several times did the President give utterance to the thoughts of the nations. It is to his messages and speeches that we must turn to find the conception America had of the struggle, of the end it was to lead to, and the political and moral transformations that would result from it.

The idealistic enthusiasm with which the Americans threw themselves into the war gave its character to their conception of the war. The military and naval operations — great as was the vigor with which they were determined to carry them on — were only the means for them, not the end. They wished for victory as the preliminary to the triumph of the moral cause, which was for them the real objective. Not only had they laid down the principle that no animosity, no spirit of reprisal, no intention of splitting up or annihilating Germany must enter into the conditions that would settle the conflict, but they also wished to save Germany from herself, open her eyes to the shameful deeds which she had allowed herself to be led into, bring her back to the elevation of feeling and thought she had risen to in the time of her Kants and Gœthes and Beethovens, save her virtues from the welter of low cupidities into which they had sunk. The victory was to affranchise the peoples, *the German people as well as the others*. It was to be under-

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stood that the declaration of war to which the United States had been driven despite herself was addressed to the imperial government — a criminal, perfidious, and rapacious institution, an organ of despotic power and barbarous feudalism — but not to the German nation. The President repeated it in nearly all his speeches: 'We are the sincere friends of the German *people*' (February 3d, 1917). 'We have no quarrel with the German *people*' (April 2d, 1917). 'The object of this war is to deliver the free peoples of the world from the menace and the actual power of a vast military establishment controlled by a government which has secretly planned to dominate the world. . . . This power is not the German *people*. (Answer to the Pope, August 28th, 1917.)

If the people differs from the government, the difference must be evident, explicable, justifiable. It is undeniable that in affirming this difference the President has expressed rather a hope of the heart and the imagination than a fact grasped by cold thought. Democratic and humanitarian idealism required Germany to return sincerely, after her defeat, to Greco-Christian civilization, to take up her place in the progress of political institutions and moral ideas, and recognize international obligations as being the categorical imperative of the conscience of peoples. Idealism required it . . . it was taken for granted that hard experience would bring the Germans to resipiscence. The natural and traditional optimism of the Americans led them to this favorable interpretation. Was not the example of their history there to prove that the force of truth and justice acts on collectivities as on individuals? Had not kindliness and confidence, bequeathed by Lincoln before his tragic death as a moral legacy, succeeded in transforming the Southerners so thoroughly that, a few years after the war, the union of thought and feeling had been completely reëstablished within the reconciled nation? Were not the Germans of America seen, at the very time when the world-wide cataclysm of the Great War was at its height, to range themselves bodily on the side of right and humanity, as much out of sound common sense as American loyalism? Why should the same sincere conversion not take place among the Americans of the old country, under the lash of the ordeal and from the contagion of moral nobleness? Evangelical charity and humanitarian faith united taught the Americans that man returns to 'natural goodness' when the causes of mental error and corruption which momentarily held it in suspension had been removed. Were the confederacy of the Hohenzollern, Prussian imperialism and militarism and the iron garrote that was strangling Germany reduced to nothingness — the country of discipline, labor, domestic virtues, poetry, and Gemütlichkeit would become capable once more of generous outbursts.

Besides, were there not in Germany Liberals and Socialists who might play the part of a ferment, working upon the masses? Doubtless even these enlightened and advanced elements had been contaminated by the infection of Pan-Germanism. The President had recognized it in his speech of June 14th, 1917 (Flag-Day address): 'They are employing Liberals in their enterprise. They are using men in Germany and without, as their spokesmen, whom they have hitherto despised and oppressed, using them for their own destruction, Socialists, the leaders of Labor, thinkers they have hitherto sought to silence. . . .' Let them succeed and these men, their instruments to-day, will then be reduced to dust under the weight of the great Empire.

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But let light and pure air penetrate into that prison of minds and consciences, called Germany, and things will change. 'German rulers have been able to upset the peace of the world only because the German people were not suffered under their tutelage to share the comradeship of the other peoples of the world either in thought or in purpose' (speech of December 4th, 1917). This idealistic confidence in the final 'goodness' of the Teutons might have induced America to practise a disastrous policy of circumspection and abdication, if her robust realism, her strong common sense, her natural aversion to evil, had not urged her to energetic action. Chastisement first, clemency and pardon afterwards.

It was these solid qualities of a healthy, strong people, that not only maintained and accelerated the American effort, but also closed the ears of the President to every insidious proposition of premature peace. Neither the indirect offers of Germany, nor the Pope's request (which might have been thought to have been suggested by the Chancellor himself) shook him. The Pope he answered with the breadth of sentiment and the vigor of thought which characterized his policy throughout the war, repeating that he desired a just peace, equitable for the conquered as well as for the conqueror, but a durable one, too, and that that peace could not be signed except by a German Government sprung from the people, and expressing the will of the people. Four months later (December 4th, 1917) he pronounced the memorable words: 'This intolerable thing of which the masters of Germany have shown us the ugly face, this menace of combined intrigue and force, . . . a thing without conscience or honor or capacity for covenanted peace, must be crushed, and if it be not utterly brought to an end, at least shut out from the friendly intercourse of the nations. . . .' Finally, in April, 1918 (after the German offensive of March 21st), the President, who had already taken the necessary steps for the transportation of 250,000 American soldiers to France every month, declared: 'For myself, I am ready, ready still, ready even now, to discuss a fair and just and honest peace. But the answer, when I proposed such a peace, came from the German commanders in Russia. . . . I accept the challenge. I know that you accept it. All the world shall know that you accept it. . . . There is, therefore, but one response possible for us: Force, force to the utmost, without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force, which shall make right the law of the world. . . .'

There is no trace of weakness of design or of feebleness of will in these words, which, however, at the very moment when they let loose in all its tragic horror the might of war, make the word *peace* ring full and clear above the uproar. War is the only realistic means of action — the only one whose shock can have its echo in the thick skull of the Teuton; peace is the ideal purpose, the final objective, which alone the American conscience can accept to shed blood and inflict suffering. Not once has the President announced any aggravation of the policy — necessary and salutary — of force, without referring to the elevated motives and the wish for justice of America. His war-speeches have been peace-speeches as well.

Now, said the President one day, according to the course of human things, what is just is also what is expedient. By solemnly saying that America entered the war on the condition only that the victorious Allies should not make a wrong use of their victory, the President exercised a

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moral influence on the elements of the German and Austrian populations which had not been completely barbarized by the militarist régime and Pan-German education. Over the trenches, across the electrified barbed-wire entanglements along the frontiers, there came to the liberal bourgeoisie and the Socialist workmen of Germany echoes of the words of the President. American propaganda was careful that the Central Empires should know the very texts of the pledge of honor taken by the President.

'We shall be willing to pay the full price of peace. We know what that price will be. It will be full, impartial justice, justice done at every point and to every nation, our enemies as well as our friends' (speech of December 4th). But they read also the irrevocable conditions upon which alone America agreed to keep that pledge: 'When this thing and its power are indeed defeated, when the German people have spokesmen whose word we can believe, and when those spokesmen are ready in the name of those people to accept the common judgment of the nations as to what shall henceforth be the bases of law and of covenant for the life of the world. . . .'

The opinion of the Allied countries is divided as regards the opportunity and the efficaciousness of this policy of President Wilson's. The Allied governments, without opposing his methods, have refrained from practising them themselves. President Wilson, supported by the large majority of his fellow citizens, has patiently persevered in his employment of 'political strategy' following out at the same time, with great rapidity and energy, the plans of military strategy. It has been his wish that none of the purposes of the American government (which is the same thing as the American people) should remain secret: the ends America was aiming at in war, and the principles she wished to found peace on, were frequently laid before the world, explained alike to the friends and enemies of the Great Republic. It has not to distinguish between them, its policy being that of absolute justice and loyalty. Its 'open diplomacy' kept nothing back, demands and promises, the submission required and the securities offered, inflexible sentences and decisions prompted by equity, the injunctions addressed to the conquered and the engagements entered into by the conquerors — everything was submitted to the inspection of the people. At the same time as the armies of the Entente closed in tighter and tighter around the German armies, the imponderables projected across the frontiers exercised their influence continually on the intelligences and the wills.

The use of the political arm — as a secondary means, doubtless — has not turned out to be so bad after all. Is it not often found that in one's relations with individuals, one makes them honest by treating them like honest people? One must, of course, be on one's guard, and not let one's self be duped. But, it being understood that the pression of force was in no wise relaxed, could not an attempt be made to bring the Germans back to some conception of right and humanity, by showing them that the nations who were doing justice on them were capable, in spite of provocations and insults, of acting rightfully and humanely? Even if it were granted that these kindly proceedings would have been fruitless in 1914 (and that had to be admitted), had not the situation undergone modification in 1917 and 1918? Might not suffering, hunger, and defeat become aids to repentance? Would it always be possible for the junkers and the military clan to de-

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ceive the people and make use of its aspirations to entrap the Allies into peace, without one day or other the desire for peace becoming stronger than the passive acceptance of violence and perfidy? Already, in July, 1917, the Liberals had carried through the Reichstag a motion in favor of peace nearer our own conception of international morals than any German proposition ever had been. Since then, Ludendorff's great offensives (however cruelly they had fallen upon us) had been so many repeated disappointments, and under the ordeal Austria, first and foremost, was learning to be wise. Was it in vain that President Wilson had treated Austria so considerately, that he had pointed out to her means of safety especially in his speech of February 11th, 1918? Was it by chance that Germany (doubtless driven to the wall) gave up the idea — still capable of being carried out — of a desperate defense till the last man and the last cannon, and proposed an armistice on the basis of President Wilson's Fourteen Points?

I have no intention of exaggerating the importance of this political manœuvre. Germany was beaten when she gave in, and the honor of that is due, in the first place, to the Allied armies, and especially to French heroism and military genius. But another winter campaign, further hard fighting, and — perhaps — the changes and chances of a prolonged campaign have been avoided by means of the 'political campaign' carried on concurrently with the military operations by the will of America and her President.

Military success, in this war of peoples, depended, more than in any preceding war, on *moral force*. America contributed in two ways to give us moral superiority, at the last moment, at the critical phase. On the front of battle, the American military effort restored the elasticity, the dash, and the confidence of our fighting unities, which were still brave, but wearied. On the home front, American idealism preserved the unity of purpose and determination, at a moment when prolonged tension seemed to be likely to overcome the constancy of some elements of the population.

Our energies were stimulated, our enthusiasm revived at the contact of American principles of right and humanity, in which we recognized our own, freed from old-time survivals, purified of controversies, penetrated with a new confident faith, and, so to speak, rejuvenated. The treasure which the gigantic caravels of the descendants of Columbus brought us in their holds was at one and the same time an ideal and a tangible, concrete benefit: just and lasting peace, a solution of the awful conflict which was the reparation of the crimes committed and the guaranty that such crimes could never again be perpetrated.

The Society of Nations meets with distrust and incredulity on the part of realists. The French of to-day, we are told, are no longer the French of 1789 or 1848: they have lost the illusion of youthful idealism which smiles to the future and is eager for the embrace of brotherly love. We are warned against too much confidence and too much clemency as regards a people whose atrocities and infamous acts have opened in our side a wound that is still bleeding. It is feared that our enemies may persist in their shameless proceedings, and fall back into barbarity. Premature generosity and dangerous open-handedness on the part of our friends from beyond the ocean are apprehended. . . . Realists have a right to lift their voices and it is their duty to bring before us the prudent counsels of experience. Nothing is more perilous than the absolute: they restore the

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complexity of historical solutions. But we are at a turning point in the life of the world, at one of those cataclysmic periods when bold rational conceptions harden the latent aspirations of centuries into a doctrine. The idealists, too, hold part of the truth. Nothing is more legitimate than that common sense, the sense of realities, and in the course of their ascension toward the summits, the sense of the gulf should be required of them.

Let us examine American idealism, and see if it offers us these guaranties.

It would not be just to say that the words of President Wilson were from the beginning of such a nature that we should have felt ourselves in perfect security if they had prevailed completely. The address to Congress on April 2d, 1917, which brought America into the war, gave a dangerously preponderant place to the distinction between the German Government and German people. American optimism seemed to be inclined to apply to the German nation the same system of 'confidence' as it had employed at the outset in the case of the government of William II and the Potsdam band. It was as if, in declaring war, America had hoped that the menace and the formidable preparations begun then would have sufficed to create in Germany or in Austria a liberal and pacific movement strong enough to bring the war to an end. But the President was not long in getting over that illusion, if he harbored it at any moment. His affirmations became firmer and firmer. On June 14th, he stigmatized the rôle of dupes or accomplices that the German Liberals and Socialists agreed to play. In the same address he declared that peace based upon compromise would mean the ruin of any hope of the liberation of the world. On December 4th, 1917, he requested Congress to declare war upon Austria. Finally, on April 6th, 1918, he pronounced the decisive words: 'Force to the uttermost, force without restrictions or limit.' A constant progress toward vigor and energy is what characterizes this ascending scale of declarations, as the feelings of the nation. A pacific people, suddenly projected into armed strife, requires time to 'imbibe the war spirit.' I was in America all through the winter of 1917–1918, and I saw the indignation and the resolution of the nation rising day by day. The tone of the press, the growing fervor of individual efforts, the increasing vehemence of the improvised orators haranguing the crowds at street corners, the severity of opinion as regards belated pacifists and (as often happens in America) the treatment meted out by the people to spies and traitors, the more and more suggestive energy of propaganda by means of illustrations, the higher and higher rate of issue of loans and subscriptions — everything indicated that their anger and passion were gathering strength. It may even be said that the contagion spread more rapidly in America than in England (partly for the same reasons: German cruelty to the crews of torpedoed ships, inhuman bombarding of open towns, barbarous destructions, ferocious treatment of interned prisoners and civilians), although America suffered less directly than Great Britain. The logical development of crime which drove Germany to accentuate her methods of 'integral war,' in contempt of humanity and common sense, revealed to America, more and more clearly, the baseness of the enemy of mankind. And the lesson was not lost.

There was the same realistic progress in the conception of the 'reparations' to be exacted from Germany. The word 'reparation' appears for the first time, officially, in the

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President's answer to the Pope's proposals for peace (August 27th, 1917). But the press had taken the idea in hand before. As early as June, 1917, the *Outlook* spoke of the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France — the reparation of the old wrong, which was to be the prelude of the reparation of recent wrongs — but made it dependent on the procedure of a plebiscite.

On January 8th, the President took up the claims of France in terms which laid down solemnly the right of France (the wrong done to France in 1871 SHOULD be righted); and the *Outlook*, in commenting on the famous, Article VIII of the Fourteen Points, went further than before, and required the unconditional surrender of Alsace-Lorraine. All America shared the opinion of the *Outlook*, as I was able to see for myself from the enthusiasm of the popular audience before which I spoke of the question at the time. The *evacuation* and the *restoration* of Belgium (Article VII of the Fourteen Points) imply the same thing for France, Italy, Serbia, Russia, and all the devastated countries.

If any doubt might remain on this head, it is removed by the unambiguous phrase of President Wilson's third answer to the German request for an armistice (October 23d), mentioning America's determination to redress the countless wrongs and the injustices of this war, and requiring Germany to reject the government which had violated the treaties and perpetrated the crimes. Since then, the whole of the American press, from the republican papers down to the socialistic ones, has commented favorably on the moral and material claims of the Allies, and especially of France. If certain of them have manifested some surprise at the exaggeration of certain figures, brought forward by too zealous journalists, their aim is to give a firmer basis to the principle of the legitimacy of the Allied clauses at the Peace Conference.

As regards the right of peoples to self-determination, President Wilson has accentuated his first decision concerning the Czecho-Slovaks and the Jugo-Slavs in the manner most conformable to the interests of these young nationalities: he has advanced from autonomy to absolute independence. As regards the freedom of the seas, he has given way to the arguments of England, who maintains that the safeguard of this liberty is the power of the English fleet, and does not intend, for the moment, at least, to give up that arm so indispensable to her defense and the protection of the Allies on the ocean high-roads.

The economic régime of the world after the war is one of the most delicate points to settle. Those whose desire it is to see nothing but a danger in the liberalism of President Wilson, point to his affirmations about this economic equality of all the peoples who will sincerely accept the state of peace founded upon right, but do not quote the restrictions and the guaranties he himself has insisted on. In the third of the Fourteen Points, he speaks of the suppression, 'as far as possible,' of customs barriers and commercial obstacles. In his speech of September 27th, 1918 (appealed to by the German chancellor as the basis of the armistice), he lays down that 'the power of economic penalty by exclusion from the markets of the world may be vested in the League of Nations as a means of discipline and control.' It was in his speech on December 4th, 1917, that he had admitted the possibility of having recourse to this method of keeping Germany in respect: 'It might be impossible to admit Germany to the free intercourse which must inevitably spring out of the other part-

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nerships of a real peace, but there would be no aggression in that, and such a situation would sooner or later cure itself by processes that would assuredly set in.' The President has never deviated from this prudence.

In all this question of the League of Nations and the just conditions of peace, the President has had before his eyes merely the general principles, subject to modifications and revision, of the new order which should spring from the universal cataclysm, if the blood of so many millions of human beings has not flowed in vain. The American democracy represents, as I have said, among the forms of society prevailing in the world, the triumph of reason and good will among men. It may be that the world is not ready to receive and apply these principles. America wishes that, in this crisis of the universal conscience these principles should at least have been brought forward and discussed. She does not give herself the air of the 'regent of nations.' The President has modestly said: 'The United States has no desire to interfere in European affairs or to act as arbiter in European territorial disputes. She would disdain to impose her own will upon another people. She is quite ready to be shown that the settlements she has suggested are not the best or the most enduring. They are only her own provisional sketch of principles and of the way in which they should be applied.' (Speech of February 11th.)

In human things, truth is half-way between opposite propositions. It belongs to the immediate neighbors of Germany, to the nations who have been the victims of the aggression and are still threatened with some fresh invasion by land, by sea, or in the air, to give prominence to the point of view of guaranties, if need be, and take the necessary military and economical precautions. It is their duty, too, according to the turn things take in Germany, to allow their minds to become receptive of views the breadth of which, in conformity with American idealism, may prepare brighter days for humanity. President Wilson professed, even before the war, a faith in the virtue of democracy and in the rectitude of the 'common people' which he transports boldly into international matters. The formula: *Vox populi, vox Dei*, has become the creed of our humanitarian and philosophical idealism in 1789 and 1848. It may be that not only the character of the popular régime in new Germany, but the character of the popular régime among the Balkan nations (as already the character of the popular régime in Russia) may lead him to modify his faith. He may also do us the service of preventing us from taking a temporary paroxysm for permanent incapacity. Do not the great principles, the integral and immediate application of which might bring on catastrophes, deserve to be still the higher directive precepts and the final aim of the efforts of humanity? In the order of political things, must not men be prepared beforehand for a new state of mind, before the concrete institutions which spring from them can be realized? America preaches by her exhortations and her example: she has no other desire.

I did not wish to give the impression that America is unanimous, and follows the President like one man. The Republicans have a leaning toward realism, on account of their natural bias, their traditions, and their spirit of opposition toward the rival party upon which the President has impressed idealistic tendencies. This divergence has been accentuated since the armistice, that is to say, since political ambitions have come back into their rights and their swing, union

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being no longer necessary to the concentration of all the forces of the nation under the authority of the executive. The Republicans are considering, too, the means of cutting down the dictatorial powers which were granted to the President for the duration of the war, and are profitable to the electoral interests of the Democrats. Pending the voting by the new Congress which will meet in May of the restoration of normal conditions of public life, the Republicans in the Senate are seeking to secure the share the constitution attributes to them in the drawing up of the treaty of peace. Republican senators, who are ranked by their past among the first statesmen in America (and such and such a one of whom might two years hence be a candidate to the Presidency), are attempting to influence public opinion so as to tone down and complete the programme of the Democrats.

Yet there are two factions of the Republican party to be considered. The right wing is in favor of protection and the upholding of traditions, that is to say, it subordinates every conception of foreign policy, firstly, to the maintenance of customs duties on the frontiers, secondly, to the application of the doctrine of Monroe, and America's persistence in isolation. It is for these reasons that they are mistrustful of the League of Nations, and not for the same reasons as the adversaries of the league among the Allies. The members of the left wing, on the contrary, do not differ very much in opinions from the Democrats, and, provided certain securities are given, accept, for the future as well as for the immediate purposes of the war, the great generous novelty which unites America in close fellowship with the rest of the world for the settlement of a just peace and the establishment of a régime founded on Right. They subscribe to the fundamental principles expressed by the President, which, during the war, have united all the energies of their country into a compact force, and called forth throughout it an enthusiasm like that of the old Crusaders. The methods in which they suggest the principles should be applied are conceived in a spirit of constructive criticism, which was also that of their kindly disposed opposition during the war, and tends not to obstruct, but to give help.

How could they be hostile to the great solutions of justice and generosity, they the descendants of the Republicans who made war for the abolition of slavery, and, after their victory, were broad-minded enough to put trust in the conquered? The conciliating statesman who reconstituted the Union by getting his fellow citizens to forget their hates, welcoming kindly and loyally his late enemies, and dealing in a broad spirit of clemency with the points on which strict justice did not require inflexible firmness, was Lincoln, the Republican. The Republicans belonging to the left wing are legitimately proud, like the Democrats, of the 'mission' of America in the world and will not hesitate, if it seems to be practical, to accept fresh responsibilities and charges for America, in order to make the moral principles of American democracy triumph in international institutions. Mr. Elihu Root, one of the most respected leaders of the Department for Foreign Affairs at the time of the second Conference at The Hague, presided in 1916 at the Congress of the Pan-American Society for Peace, and carried a *Declaration of the Right and Duties of Nations*, announcing the principles of President Wilson's international legislation. The left wing of the Republicans, far from being adversaries of the League of Nations, consider, like the Democrats

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that the organization of the world for peace was the true purpose for which America entered the war. Only this noble end justifies in their eyes the new world policy of the nation which breaks with the letter of the doctrine of Monroe, in order to keep better to its spirit. Their objections refer only to questions of opportuneness and prudence, for example, if it is fitting to admit Germany immediately into the family of civilized nations, if it is prudent to grant Germany economic equality before she has given up employing her industry for warlike purposes, if it would not be expedient to preserve territorial guaranties against the possible danger of a fresh aggression, if it would not be a good method to settle first of all the treaty of peace, imposing upon Germany reparations, compensations, and guaranties, before working out the delicate statutes of the Society of Nations. None of these questions of prudence, opportuneness, and cold reason are in contradiction with the general formulas of the President. Nothing shows he himself has not thought of them, or is not open to the suggestions which bring out their importance.

For in President Wilson there is a realist side by side with an idealist. In no other people are the imaginative vision and practical wisdom conciliated better than among the Americans. This dualism, which is the great strength of the great captains of industry in the United States, is the basis of the eminence of that great statesman, President Wilson. Between the Republicans and him, there is only a difference of temperament. Quick to give expression to imaginative and sentimental aspirations, the President colors reason with the tints of emotion. The Republican Opposition, keeping down its idealism from a dislike, as it were, for emotional exhibitions, exposes the methods of practical reason. The two methods meet half-way, tending to the same end and helping each other to attain it, the one by the strength of its *élan*, the other by its guaranties of security.

This common aim is 'full, impartial justice,' severe to those who have disturbed the peace of the world, generous to the victims of the aggression, clement to those who repent sincerely, prudent as regards the possible recrudescence of malignity. The crowning of the efforts of the civilized world which, at the cost of so much blood and suffering, has crushed the last survival of the imperialistic instinct, is the legal, military, and economic organization of the world for peace. America has understood, in the course of this gigantic conflict, that to realize her pacific aspirations her duty was to accept the greatest sacrifices. She has fulfilled that duty without hate, in an irresistible burst of moral indignation and altruism. President Wilson has given eloquent utterance to his lofty aspiration and his determined will. He will be able to perform thoroughly the double part of judge and peacemaker which America has entrusted to him. His presence among us is a proof that he will lack no element of information. The eminent statesman who has been able to lead the American nation from peace-loving quietude to military enthusiasm has shown himself enough of a *realist* to give us full security as regards the part he will play in the negotiations for peace. The people of Paris have made no mistake about it: it was his wisdom as much as his idealism they hailed in acclaiming 'Wilson the Just.' They have confidence in him, he has confidence in America, valiant in war, loyal and equitable in the Council of Nations, prudent and generous in peace.

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ON THE SHORES OF THE WHITE SEA

FROM THE LETTERS OF LIEUT.-COMMANDER H. E. RENDALL, R.N., D.S.O.

It is very hard to give you any idea of what the situation is in Northern Russia. It is so variable; everything changes from day to day. Besides, the distances are so great that what applies to one part of the coast cannot be assumed to be true of another. Generally speaking, the northern part (Pechenga, Murman, etc.), which has lately been threatened by Finns and Germans, was under Bolshevik government (sovdep, soviets, etc.) in earlier days. After the revolution, although nominally still allies of Russia, we had little influence there, and English subjects and English stores were imperiled, until the arrival of our soldiers afforded them protection. Whether the Bolsheviki would have let us into Archangel at all then, I don't know. Anyhow, Archangel, in the spring, was blocked with ice, and ten diplomats in trawlers, who were sent to find out, were unsuccessful in getting into the town. About a month after our arrival, Lenine and Trotzky ordered us to clear out. Up to that time they had so completely fooled us, that we really did not know on whose side they were. The next thing that happened was a sort of monarchical uprising in Kem. Fortunately, the three biggest scoundrels in the place were shot, but this did not tend to increase the good feeling toward us. When the Karelian coast was cleared of the Red Army, who were by this time more or less open enemies of ours, the German-Finns, a third element, came threatening to turn us out. So it was a three-cornered contest. The rabid, and, one might say, the more genuine Bolsheviki, hate the 'German capitalist' no less than the 'Franco-English,' but the more wily element is forming up German prisoners to fight for him, while at the same time, in other localities, there is practically a state of war between Germany and Russia. So that we were never sure what reception we should have in the various ports we visited, and I was sent ashore to make speeches to the people, and find out, by experimental trips, whether they were friendly or not. One of these was to the Solvetski Island, which has the oldest and most beautiful monastery in Russia. When I had finished my work, I was received in the monastery by the senior monk, an Archimandrite, with whom I had a Russian conversation, lasting at least two hours, and put in a lot of good work. On the next day, too, I had another long business talk with him, and borrowed a large ship. After business, I went to the evening service in one of the most gorgeous churches I have ever seen — all gold and blue. There were sixteen monks to be admitted, and I witnessed the old mediæval ceremony with intense interest. It is all Russia of two or three hundred years ago. No man cuts his hair or shaves; and the singing, in rich, deep — phenomenally deep — voices, was very inspiring. The Archimandrite himself wore green and gold vestments, with a gold crown. He was assisted by sixteen priests in green, gold, and scarlet vestments. All around were the wild unkempt monks with long beards — hair down to their waists — singing songs in the old Bulgarian Church Slavonic, which may be hundreds of years old. The scene was beyond words impressive. The monastery is wonderfully beautiful — all white with green cupolas, some with golden stars — and I was delighted to have had the opportunity of seeing it, especially as my mission proved so successful.

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But as regards Archangel. We left under the most depressing conditions of fog and rain, and were very nearly in sight of Modguga Island before things began to clear up; even then there was a coldish wind. The first thing we did was to go alongside the light vessel not far off and remove all pilots. Then we called on the island to surrender by telephone, giving them half an hour to think it over. In the last three minutes they agreed, and the commander promised to meet our people on the beach; so we approached and prepared soldiers for landing. During the delay in doing this, some brave individual at Archangel inspired them to retract their promise, so they did not hoist the white flag, but made us a signal not to land. About this time aeroplanes reported that the guns were all trained upon us, and it was becoming a very unpleasant situation, as we had large numbers of men in boats on our engaged side, so that we could not fire our guns. Fortunately, they did not open fire, and we drew off to a distance a little over three miles at slow speed and anchored. I was actually walking along the port side of the upper deck when the two foremost four-inch opened fire. Hearing them, I immediately went to my bombarding station on the fore-bridge, and weighed in with my two six-inch. At first we went over, and fires began to break out in the wood behind. It was rather difficult to find them, because their opening shots were falling short too. But they were not idle, and by degrees the shots began to come up. At first they were only fountains in the distance; but soon one began to hear the crack as the shells exploded, and to feel things whizzing. It was just beginning to get rather unpleasant, when the aeroplanes appeared and dropped an enormous bomb very close to their battery, and gave them a good dose of small ones.

About this time a six-inch shell burst in our foremost funnel, and destroyed the voice-pipe to after-control. As my guns ceased firing, I dashed along fore-and-aft bridge to after-control, and soon got them going again. Our firing was then very accurate; every shell was finding them, and it was a treat to see the way they burst. Their fire soon slacked off, especially after a few more heavy bombs had been dropped. As soon as they ceased firing we went to the north end of the island, landed our troops, and followed them as they swept down the island.

It was a good long job, and it was quite late before we finished, including securing the observation mine-houses. In the distance we saw two armed ice-breakers, Siratoga and Mikula Selyaninovitch. We did not approach them for fear of mines, but fancied they would come out to fight. As they showed no signs of moving, at 11 P.M., we got to sleep after a long and tiring day, but as I had the morning watch (*i.e.*, from 4 A.M.), I did not get much. Next morning we approached the ships, flying the signal to surrender, until we found they were deserted. There was another large steamer, close by, with a heavy list, which sank, most dramatically, before our eyes. We had a good deal of delay here, sounding the channel, and looking out for mines, and during this time we received a message that a revolt had taken place in our favor at Archangel, and after a conference it was decided to press on there at all costs.

The procession was led by a trawler; after that we followed, and the remaining ships in order. Fugitives from Modguga had spread terrible stories of our bombardment, and the Red Army had left the town in a panic, but were reported as 'likely to return.' The whole way down was like a trip on the

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Broads, through lovely green fields and woods. As we got to the more populated parts, it was like a triumphal progress, and in Archangel itself we were received with tremendous cheering, all the steamboats hooting furiously.

We anchored, and hoped for a peaceful evening; but it was not long before we were disturbed. The armed yacht, Gorislava, opened fire on a tug-load of men, who were sent to arrest her crew. We went alongside, and found two of their crew dead, and the yacht under arrest. We took it back to Archangel, and again hoped for peace, and a good night's rest, but it was not to be. We had an urgent signal that the Red Army was returning to Bakharitsa Island, the main rail-head of Archangel, where all the quays are, on the opposite side of the river Dwina.

I was sent away in charge of a landing party from our ship, which we had previously drilled and exercised. As soon as we got to the landing place (it was about three miles off), we saw an excited crowd of local Russian pirates, all giving news of large approaching forces. We got into a train, and succeeded in getting some life into the driver, who had bad 'cold feet,' with the result that we were taken to a place about a mile and a half from a hill, where I supposed the enemy would be. My suppositions were correct. As soon as the matelot began to shuffle out, in his usual casual way, they began a brisk little fusillade, which made him skip under cover pretty soon. We crept along the embankment to within one thousand yards of the hill, and just as I was wondering what to do next, the ship opened a brisk bombardment on the railway cutting, along which, unknown to us, about three hundred Bolsheviki were advancing. The captain had seen them from the ship. The shooting was very good indeed, and soon scattered the enemy; we were able to occupy the hill with little opposition. I sent out Russian parties to examine the wireless station, and then occupied it. After that we were able to advance, and hold the railway station, but we had an anxious time, as we heard news of armored trains. However, as soon as we saw any trains approaching, we signaled off to the ship to bombard, whereupon they disappeared at once. We occupied the station so quickly that telegraphic communication to the (Bolshevik) staff was still intact, and I received an order from Trotzky to burn all coal, and destroy shipping at Archangel. I also got a telephone from Kedrov, the Red Army chief, but I said the Red Army staff was not at home, and would return at five.

Just an hour later, the General and Admiral arrived, and told me to impersonate a Bolshevik *komisar*, and give the commander a fake message, when he rang up at five.

We had a rather trying day, for we were a small party, and I kept on receiving all kinds of alarming reports, which I knew were founded on fact. I knew that five hundred Bolsheviki had been scattered, but where — as I knew that they had not gone off by train? There were the most extraordinary scenes in the station. All the inhabitants flocked there, each with a rifle and fixed bayonet, even the most peaceful. Everyone came to me. I ran all the train traffic, and also the local defense forces, collected information from scouts and patrols, and chased all round the town telephoning. Of course one has to assume something, and I assumed it was all right. The local native has a great respect for the British uniform.

People cannot realize what it is like

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now in Russia. All organization has gone. The only thing that remains is a sort of town guard, which carries rifles and bayonets, but usually this works in three sections, each highly suspicious of the other — town guard, railway-workers' guard, and saw-mills' guard. Every town is stiff with rifles and machine guns, unfortunately, all in the most beautiful working order. There are no police, no relief for the poor. As for the sick they are pushed from, place to place till they die. '*Bolnikh nam ne nado.*' ('We don't want sick people.') People in Archangel are not so badly off for food; but Petrograd is literally starving, and poor are dying in the streets. Tariff for droskies is 25 rubles a journey, 50 rubles when there is rifle firing going on, 100 when there is machine-gun firing. The Bolsheviki are simply lunatics; you should see their papers. They have had a terrible reign of terror. I have talked to a lot of people, who have all been sentenced to death, but, being warned, were out when the executioner called. One of our officers was sent on a special mission. When he reached within twenty yards of the shore, a man rushed out saying, '*Eedi syuda, tovarishah*' ('Come here, friend'), and in a moment machine guns and rifles were turned upon him, killing one of the crew, and wounding three others.

The country is now physically and morally dead, and the poisonous products of her decay appear in the form of 'undesirable elements,' who form up in bands and go round eradicating bourgeois. The Russians strike one as being absolutely weary of all revolutions and disorders; but there does not seem to be the least chance of the Bolshevik government falling, as long as their policy of 'nationalizing' every article of value is so acceptable to the undisciplined rabble of the late army. The country is full of 'undesirable elements,' who go about in bands, holding up and destroying villages, while the towns are full of soldiers of different types — Circassians in Cossack rig, with an enormous collection of knives for various purposes, and Serbians (whom I admire immensely), besides the ordinary Russians. The Serbians are very keen soldiers, but talk very bad Russian. On one occasion I gave an 'undesirable element' to a troop of Serbians, and said: 'Take him away; see that he goes over the bridge, and tell him if he comes back, he will be shot at once.' The sergeant only heard the words 'shoot him,' and started galloping off with a smile all over his face. It went to my heart to have to call him back, and stop his acting at once.

But the ordinary Russian is sick to death of war and revolution, and when it comes to fighting, he is not to be relied on. In one case some leading Bolsheviki had just left a town, when their opponents arrived. 'They must be brought back at once; get an engine.' One was brought with full steam up. But no sooner did it appear to be gaining on the Bolsheviki's train than the occupants became alarmed, and made the driver slacken his pace, and finally stop and return whence he came. They had no taste for possible unpleasantness.

Russia, as far as I have seen it, is at present the land of mingled tragedy and comic opera. Comic opera is represented by the marchings and countermarchings of the Red, White, Blue, and Green armies, which pervade these coasts; and tragedy by the devilish 'Council of Social Intelligence' which sits at Moscow, and defines the amount of education a man may possess without being taken away and shot.

The Cornhill Magazine

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THE YOUNG SOLDIER AND THE UNIVERSITIES

WHAT do they feel, those crowds of young men who are now returning to the old Universities from scenes of war? They are returning, we are told, in swarms so numerous that two men have to be stuffed into each set of rooms. That may not sound very terrible to men accustomed to sleeping sixteen in a tent, or four in a dugout, but to the academic mind it is revolutionary; it is almost Bolshevik. Two rooms for two men! One man one room! It savors of the lower classes. Why, then, do the soldiers swarm back, reducing the recognized standard of University existence? And what do they feel like now that they have come?

Take old Oxford, for instance, as having been once familiar to the writer. Her appearance has been renewed, it is true, like an aging beauty's face. Her buildings have been scraped, and hoary stones which used to peel away like the lichens on rocks, now look clean and brown and fresh as paint. New buildings have arisen, some in studious imitation of the old, some elaborate with the finials and decorations of four-post beds. About the very quadrangles there is an air of youth renewed, and if only axes were laid to the roots of the Virginia creepers, even the most thickly obscured architecture might emerge into definite beauty from the blurred and effeminate picturesqueness of the colored post card. The city also has developed a vitality of her own, and her most sanctified streets are thronged with men and women occupying their business in other things than books. Far out on every side but one, where Thames and all her tributaries set some limit, extend the red and yellow suburbs, some sheltering in gardens the homes of married dons, hopeful nurseries of the Oxford accent; others serving as coverts for unknown working classes who toil like other people in the world; as at the manufacture of marmalade, for instance, which has characteristically become a leading Oxford industry. Nothing remains the same. All is in growth, or slides away like the river. Seldom and more seldom appear the shapeless and maundering figures muttering Latin tags or outbursts of scholarly spleen as they shuffle along the pavements, oblivious to the outer world. Perhaps more seldom, too, trips the introspective priest, delicately treading the *Via Media* under a King in all things ecclesiastical as well as civil supreme. It is even whispered that the established and endowed robbery of Undergraduates is passing away, and 'scouts' boil with indignation at the thought that they may no longer steal. Can it be true that the relics of vast breakfasts and lunches shall no longer be swept away with the tablecloth, never to be seen again by the Undergrad, who might have lived on them in luxury for a fortnight, or sent them by post to the parents who pay his bills? Can it be true that dim and shadowy women will no longer glide through the porter's lodge as evening falls, and, as though by miraculous multiplication, bear away twelve baskets full?

Thus all things change, and many a fond student, returning from the war at the age of twenty-three or twenty-five, must feel like the hero upon whom divine affection bestowed the questionable gift of immortality. All the more because at a University the generations last but three or four years instead of twenty-five, and at forty a don is an old fogey who has outlived six or seven generations since his youth. The returning hero, fresh from battle-

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fields, will no longer rush to the cricket field and the river with the zest of young barbarians at their play. To one who may wear the ribbon of the Military Cross or the D.S.O., the position of his College boat in the Eights can no longer seem the one matter of life and death, and even the halo of a goal shines with diminished glory. So, too, in lesser pursuits. How shall the distinguished young Major fix his mind upon the squabbles of compartments in ancient Greece, when he himself has motored from Salonica to Athens in a day, and on to Sparta in the next? Or what will he feel when questioned on his fading memories of the irregular verbs? Probably most public-school boys are haunted to old age by a dream — a terrible nightmare — of being 'put on' by the old Headmaster when they have not taken the trouble to prepare a line of the passage. It makes no difference that they are over fifty and the Headmaster has long been dead. The horror of the situation remains appalling, and the dream is far more frequent than any of Freud's imaginary perversions. The feelings of the soldier returning to the class and lecture room will be much the same, with a sense of futility added. For, indeed, it is impossible to go back in life, and a second childhood is not like the first. Little victims play regardless of their doom, but not men who have known what doom can do.

If fighting for their country is the best that youths can do for her, certainly the Universities and public schools have done well. They have sent the best of their blood, and much of it has been sacrificed with a kind of intoxicated abandonment like a religious possession. No one would wish to exaggerate the splendor of the motives — not even of the ideal motives at the war's beginning. We may take for granted such phrases as 'love of country,' 'resistance to aggression,' and a vague hope of 'ending war.' We may value as little as we like the love of adventure, the relief from monotony, the escape from frivolous interests and from the pre-occupation of eternal sex; above all, the yearning for the heroic deed and stark reality, barbaric in its nakedness. All those motives may be set aside as nothing very unusual in civilized life after a long term of peace. If we choose, we may also make light of personal courage in face of death, though to the writer, who has seen much of it, that remains the most inexplicable of human qualities. And we may accept the powers of young leadership as only the national heritage of a race always distinguished for her captains rather than for generals. But the war, beyond all that, has revealed to us unsuspected powers of mind among our well-bred, well-fed classes. Under the stress of extreme emotion, they have, it is true, preserved the silent composure and self-restraint which mark the whole nation. But scrupulously hidden, even from themselves, there lay in them a strange wealth of mental and even of emotional power which only the war has uncovered.

It is this intellectual and still deeper power which has induced one writer to speak of our youth as Elizabethan.* He there describes typical young men who have been killed in the war — typical, not only in courage and love of adventure, but in mental interest, and especially in poetic gift. Certainly it is noticeable that the poetic faculty, formerly practised, if at all, as a dangerous secret, has since the war been regarded, even among fashionable people, as nothing to be intensely ashamed of. Take a few names from

*_The New Elizabethan._ By E. B. Osborn, published by John Lane.

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the book, and those only of Oxford men, as we are speaking of Oxford. There is the well-known Charles Lister, whose talents might have made him the Disraeli of the next fifty years; Charles Sorley, the clear-cut poet, who never reached Oxford, though elected to a scholarship there, but from a German University corresponded on terms of equal and intimate friendship with the Headmaster of his public school; Robert Sterling, poet and son of the hills; Donald Hankey, the 'Student in Arms'; Ronald Poulton, not exactly a poet, perhaps, but the best three-quarter back at 'Rugger' that ever played; William Hodgson, scholar and poet; and the two Grenfells. These are but a sparse selection out of the many who are known almost to all. But what a wealth of personality they show! What a vital spirit, full of delight in life, and, above all, full of that keen interest and appreciation of intellectual things which are so much rarer in all nations, and were in ours supposed to lie extinguished under wealth and athletics. It is quite possible that but for the war we should never have heard their names, except in athletic or Parliamentary records. Under British suppression they might have become ashamed of intelligence and intellect as our fathers were ashamed, and so have lost them both. But now we see that there lived among our youth, in Johnson's phrase, a nest of singing birds, and perhaps it is always so until the snows of custom and contempt freeze and stifle them down.

All those are gone, and the soldiers who now return can only regret so immeasurable a loss. But for themselves, what good, in spite of all that we have urged, may they now expect? Through gaps in the hedges along the crests of low hills southwest of Oxford you may still behold the city as she appeared in the years before her recent growth. There she stands, isolated from the crowding tenements and villas. Gray and delicately brown the towers, domes, and spires rise. She seems a solemn and lovely place, such as we imagine a perfect city to be. Like the dream of an ancient painter, she lies quietly there, herself the adorable dreamer. That is the Oxford to which her sons turn even in absence with so peculiar a homesickness, and to which her soldier minds are now going back with hope renewed. Their hope will be justified. Only those who have learned through action the true meaning of beauty and of knowledge can know how abundantly it will be justified. No one despises pure scholarship or the purely literary life. We know how short a man's years are, how inadequate for all he may long to accomplish. We know the 'Grammarian's Funeral,' and the restrictions laid upon nearly every poet's life. Restrictions cannot be avoided, but with how deep an envy we regard those who, still in youth, have already passed through action, and from action may now approach the realms of thought. With what new insight they will penetrate the thin records of times that have passed into nothingness! With what joy they will trace the evidences of a greatness such as themselves have known, and with what skepticism reject the fanciful compositions of military historians! But, above all, we look to them with urgent hope for a new form of literature of reality, not made from cobweb fancies and tender suppositions but from profound truths of life as they have been revealed to them along the hard-worn ways of action. Already some have discerned signs of such literature and of such an inspiration approaching within the present age. For our country, as for the whole region of mind and beauty,

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they may lead toward a new birth, a later and finer renaissance. It would be hard indeed to over-estimate the value of action upon the thinker's mind, if only the chance for action comes as it has come to these Knights of the Holy Spirit.

One question more. Why in speaking of these returning soldiers must we speak only of the officer class? Among all those four million soldiers in the ranks is there none whom the things of the mind also fill with a kind of homesickness — none who longs for knowledge and wisdom and beauty with a yearning that consumes him? It is absurd to suppose that there is none. But six months in Oxford, at her cheapest, costs about the same as a workingman would spend on bringing up a family of six the whole year round, and that with exceptional comfort.

The Nation

THE IRISH QUESTION AGAIN

BY LORD HUGH CECIL

THE *Spectator* has so long maintained the Unionist position that I venture to ask some space in its columns to emphasize an aspect of the present Irish situation which British Home Rulers seem resolutely to ignore. Mr. Asquith, for instance, does not seem to realize how profoundly the Irish situation has been modified by recent events.

The great new feature of the Irish question is that the Irish people have rejected with unanimity any Federal solution of the problem of Irish government. The Ulstermen remain where they were, unshaken adherents to the Union: the Sinn Feiners, carrying an overwhelming majority of the electorate of the three Southern Provinces, adhere to national independence: the remains of the old Nationalist Party, now apparently joined by distinguished proselytes like Sir Horace Plunkett, declare for the autonomy of a Dominion within the British Empire: no one whatever, so far as is known, is now in favor of Home Rule or any similar Federal scheme. Some Irishmen want to make Ireland an independent republic; some Irishmen want to make it a self-governing Dominion; some Irishmen want to keep it as it is, part of the United Kingdom; no one wishes to make it a province in a Federation. This plainly destroys the basis of the Gladstonian policy. Mr. Gladstone always based his proposals on their acceptability by Irishmen as a final solution of the Irish question. Home Rule is no longer accepted by any Irishman as a solution, final or even temporary, of the Irish question.

What reply do British Home Rulers like Mr. Asquith make to this new objection to their policy? They do not tell us. But I conjecture that they would say that the Sinn Fein movement is only a mood — a mere fit of irritation provoked by injudicious management on the part of the British Government, and likely to pass away and be replaced by the former acceptance of Home Rule as the object of Irish desire. I am persuaded that this interpretation of the late Election is entirely untrue. The Irish are not so silly as Home Rulers believe: if they rejected Federalism at the late Election (as they did), they did it because they hate Federalism. The enthusiasm for Irish nationality, only deeply felt by a small body of opinion, is quite sincerely, though not profoundly, felt by the great majority of Irishmen. But they have begun to see that Federalism does nothing for nationality. They now fully realize the absurdity of a plan which would satisfy the national aspirations of the Irish by making Ireland a Federal province. And if

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Federalism cannot satisfy national aspirations, it offers less than does the Union of material prosperity and social security. Some bodies of Irish opinion, and notably the heads of the Roman Catholic Church, probably in their hearts prefer the Union as the quietest, safest, and most prosperous form of Irish government. These influences were all thrown at the late Election on the side of Sinn Fein, not out of love of independence, but in order to kill the Home Rule Act. A sentimental love of nationality, coalescing with a prudent and materialist preference for the Union, combined to overthrow the Nationalist Party and achieve the strangely complete victory of Sinn Fein. This is my interpretation of the late Election, and I believe the only one that has been put forward which does not assume the Irish to be raving lunatics.

If I am right, the majority of Irishmen, while making independence their first preference, would make the Union their second preference, and put Federal Home Rule third on the list. If this is their verdict, plainly we must give up Home Rule: no one would suggest imposing it on Ireland against the will of the Irish. Instead I would require the Irish to frame their own plan in detail as a Parliamentary Bill and submit it to Parliament. For that purpose I would set up four Provincial Councils for the four Provinces in Ireland, to be elected according to Proportional Representation. These Councils might sit together and act jointly, if they pleased, but would not be obliged to do so. This would doubtless result in the three Southern Councils acting together, and the Council for Ulster acting separately. It would then be left to the Councils, acting jointly or separately, to present to Parliament whatever plan for Irish government they prefer; and, in order to prevent the plan being shelved, it would be provided that a Bill brought in at the request of a Provincial Council should be placed in the charge of the Chairman of Ways and Means, and should take precedence of all other Parliamentary business on any day on which it was set down for discussion in the House of Commons. By this means the Irish would be forced themselves to face all the difficulties of Irish government, and to present detailed proposals to Parliament, which Parliament would not be allowed to neglect. That this would immediately provide a solution of the Irish question I do not suppose; but it would do two things. It would help to educate the Irish people in political wisdom, and it would show everyone in Ireland, in Great Britain, and in the world that we were in good faith trying our best to satisfy the discontents of Irishmen.

The Spectator

IN PRAISE OF WATER

BY G. SANTAYANA

THE transformation of landscape by moisture is no matter of appearance only, no mere optical illusion or effect of liquid stained glass. It is a sort of echo or symbol to our senses of very serious events in prehistoric times. Water, which now seems only to lap the earth or to cloud it, was the chisel which originally carved its surface. They say that when the planet, recently thrown off from the sun, was still on fire, the lighter elements rose in the form of gases around the molten metallic core; and the outer parts of this nucleus in cooling formed a crust of igneous rock which, as the earth contracted, was crushed together and wrinkled like the skin of a raisin. These wrinkles are our mountain chains, made even more rugged and

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villainous by belated eruptions. On that early earth there was no water. All was sheer peaks, ledges, and chasms, red-hot or coal-black, or of such livid metallic hues, crimson, saffron, and purple, as may still be seen on the shores of the Dead Sea or in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado — rifts that allow us to peep into the infernal regions, happily in those places at least without inhabitants. This hellish sort of landscape, which we must now plunge into the depths to find, was the first general landscape of earth.

As the cooling progressed, however, the steam that was in the upper atmosphere began to condense and to fall in rain. At first the hot drops no doubt sizzled as they fell and rose again immediately in vapor, yet the meteorological cycle was established notwithstanding. The rain that evaporated descended once more, each time colder and more abundant, until it cut channels among the crags, ground and polished their fragments into boulders and pebbles, formed pools in the hollows, and finally covered the earth up to its chin with the oceans. Much detritus meantime was washed down from the rocks; it gathered in crevices and along the pockets and slacker reaches of rivers. This sediment was soaked with moisture and mixed with dissolved acids; it became the first soft layer of earth and finally a fertile soil. Water in this way softened the outlines of the mountains, laid the floor of the valleys, and made a leafy and a cloudy place of the planet

The sages (and some of them much more recent than Thales*) tell us that water not only wears away the rocks, but has a singular power of carrying away their subtler elements in solution, especially carbonic acid, of which the atmosphere also is full; and it happens that these elements can combine with the volatile elements of water into innumerable highly complex substances, all of which the atmospheric cycle carries with it wherever it goes; and with these complex substances, which are the requisite materials for living bodies, it everywhere fills the sea and impregnates the land.

Even if life, then, is not actually born of the moist element, it is at least suckled by it; the water-laden atmosphere is the wet nurse, if not the mother, of the earth-soul. The earth has its soul outside its body, as many a philosopher would have wished to have his. The winds that play about it are its breath, the water that rains down and rises again in mist is its circulating blood; and the death of the earth will come when some day it sucks in the atmosphere and the sea, gets its soul inside its body again, turns its animating gases back into solids, and becomes altogether a skeleton of stone.

No wonder that living beings find things that are fluid and immersed in moisture friendly to the watery core of their own being. Seeds, blood, and tears are liquid; nothing is so poignant as what passes and flows, like music and love; and if this irreparable fluidity is sad, anything stark and arrested is still sadder. Life is compelled to flow, and things must either flow with it or, like Lot's wife, be left behind.

The Athenæum

* *e.g.*, Professor L. J. Henderson, of Harvard, in a book published in 1917 on *The Order of Nature*, from which I borrow most of these data.

PROPAGANDA IN THE BALKANS

At the end of September last those whom we in Macedonia had come to regard as our deadly enemies became our would-be friends with a suddenness which was almost painful. Kultur is a leavening influence, and our spurious local Hun in Bulgaria is every bit as

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frightful in war and as oily in defeat as the genuine article on the Rhine.

To escape this unfamiliar and rather overpowering atmosphere of friendliness our section of the Salonica Force immediately made for the nearest available enemy and found ourselves at a lonely spot on the Turkish frontier. The name of the O.C. Local Bulgars began with Boris, and he was a *Candidat Offizier* or Cadet, and acting Town Major. As an earnest of goodwill, he showed us photos of his home, before and after the most recent *pogrom*, and of his grandfather, a bandit with a flourishing practice in the Philippopolis district, much respected locally.

We took up our dispositions, and shortly all officers were engaged sorting out the suspicious characters arrested by the sentries. It was in this way that I became acquainted with Serge Gotastitch the Serb.

When he was brought before me I sent for Aristides Papazaphiropoulos, our interpreter, and in the meantime delivered a short lecture to the Sergeant-Major, Quartermaster-Sergeant, and Storeman on the inferiority of the Balkan peoples, with particular reference to the specimen before us, to whom, in view of the fact that he seemed a little below himself, I gave a tot of rum. He eyed it with suspicion.

'What's this?' he asked suddenly (in English). 'Whiskey?'

I informed him that it was rum.

'That's the goods,' he said, and drank it. I then commenced interrogation.

'You are a Bulgar?' I asked.

'No,' said Serge cheerlessly, 'I am Serb.'

'Serb! Then what are you doing here?'

'I hail from Prilep,' he explained. 'When Bulgar come Prilep, they say, "You not Serb; you Bulgar." So they bringit me here with others, and I workit on railroad. My family I not know where they are; no clothes getting, no money neither. English plenty money,' he added, *à propos* of nothing.

I ignored the hint.

'Then you are a prisoner of war?' I suggested.

'In old time,' he continued, 'Turks have Prilep. I go to America and workit on railroad Chicago — three, four year. When I come back Turks take me for army. Not liking I desert to Serbish army. When war finish, Serbs have Prilep. I go home Serbish civil. Then this war start. Bulgar come to Prilep and say, "You Bulgar, you come work for us." You understahn me, boss?'

'I must look into this,' I said to the Sergeant-Major. 'Send for the interpreter and ask the Bulgar officer to step in. He's just going past.'

Boris arrived with a salute and a charming smile and listened to my tale. Then he turned a cold eye on Serge and burst into a torrent of Bulgarian, under which Serge stood with lifting scalp.

'Sir,' faltered Serge, when the cascade ceased, 'I am liar. All I said to you is false. I am good Bulgar. I hate Serbs.'

'Then you are not, in fact, a Serb?' I said.

'Nope,' said Serge, nodding his head frantically (the Oriental method of negation).

'Do you want to go home?' I asked cunningly.

'Sure, boss,' replied he. 'Want to go Chicago.'

Boris uttered one blasting guttural and Serge receded to the horizon with great rapidity. 'You understand, *mon ami*,' explained Boris; 'he is really a Bulgar, but the villainous Serb propagandists have taught him the Serb-

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ian language and that he is Serb. It is his duty really to fight or work for Bulgaria, just as it was ours to liberate him and his other Bulgar brothers in Serbia from the yoke of the Serbs. It is understood, my friend?'

'Oh, absolutely,' I replied.

He withdrew, exchanging a glance of hatred with Aristides Papazaphiropoulos, who approached saluting with Hellenic fervor.

'You wish me, Sare?' he asked.

'I did,' I answered, and outlined to him what had passed. 'Is it true that propaganda is, or are, used to that extent?'

'It is true,' he answered sadly. 'The Serb has much propagandism, the Bulgar also. But in this case both are liars, since the population of Prilep is rightfully Greek.'

. . . . . .

Three days later Boris appeared before me with a sullen face.

'I wish to complain,' he said. 'You have with you a Greek, one Papazaphiropoulos. It is forbidden by the terms of the armistice that Greeks should come into Bulgaria. Greeks or Serbs — it is expressly stated. I wish to complain.'

'You are wrong,' I replied. 'He is no Greek. He is a Bulgar. But the cunning Greek propagandists have taught him the Greek language and that he is a Greek. It is really his duty to be the first to rush on to the soil of his beloved Bulgaria ——'

'Ach!' said Boris, grinding his teeth; 'you mock our patriotism. You are an Englishman.'

'I don't,' I replied. 'And I'm not. I'm French. We came over in 1066. You ask my aunt at Tunbridge Wells. But the villainous English propagandists taught me English, and the Scotch gave me a taste for whiskey, and ——'

But Boris had faded away.

Punch

HENRY JAMES: A LAST GLIMPSE

It would be easy to justify the suspicion, which the sight of *Within the Rim* aroused, and to make it account for the tepid and formal respect with which we own to have approached the book. Essays about the war contributed to albums and books with a charitable object even by the most distinguished of writers bear for the most part such traces of perfunctory composition, such evidence of genius forcibly harnessed to the wagon of philanthropy and sullen and stubborn beneath the lash, that one is inclined, for the sake of the writer, to leave them unread. But we should not have said this unless we intended immediately and completely to unsay it. The process of reading these essays was a process of recantation. It is possible that the composition of some of them was an act of duty, in the sense that the writing of a chapter of a novel was not an act of duty. But the duty was imposed upon Henry James not by the persuasions of a committee nor by the solicitations of friends, but by a power much more commanding and irresistible — a power so large and of such immense significance to him that he scarcely succeeds with all his range of expression in saying what it was or all that it meant to him. It was Belgium, it was France, it was, above all, England and the English tradition, it was everything that he had ever cared for of civilization, beauty, and art threatened with destruction and arrayed before his imagination in one figure of tragic appeal.

Perhaps no other elderly man existed in August, 1914, so well qualified to feel imaginatively all that the outbreak of war meant as Henry James. For years he had been appreciating ever more and more finely what he

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calls 'the rare, the sole, the exquisite England': he had relished her discriminatingly as only the alien, bred to different sounds and sights and circumstances, could relish others so distinct and so delightful in their distinctness. Knowing so well what she had given him, he was the more tenderly and scrupulously grateful to her for the very reason that she seemed to him to bestow her gifts half in ignorance of their value. Thus when the news came that England was in danger, he wandered in the August sunshine half overwhelmed with the vastness of what had happened, reckoning up his debt, conscious to the verge of agony of the extent to which he had committed his own happiness to her, and analyzing incessantly and acutely just what it all meant to the world and to him. At first, as he owned, he had 'an elderly dread of a waste of emotion . . . my house of the spirit amid everything around me had become more and more the inhabited, adjusted, familiar home'; but before long he found himself

> building additions and upper stories, throwing out extensions and protrusions, indulging even, all recklessly, in gables and pinnacles and battlements — things that had presently transformed the unpretending place into I scarce know what to call it, a fortress of the faith, a palace of the soul, an extravagant, bristling, flag-flying structure which had quite as much to do with the air as with the earth.

In a succession of images not to be torn from their context he paints the state of his mind confronted by one aspect after another of what appeared to him in so many diverse lights of glory and of tragedy. His gesture as of one shrinking from the sight of the distress combined with an irresistible instinct of pity drawing him again and again to its presence recalls to the present writer his reluctance to take a certain road in Rye because it led past the workhouse gates and forced to his notice the dismal line of tramps waiting for admittance. But in the case of the wounded and the fugitive his humanity forced him again and again to face the sight, and brought him the triumphant reward of finding that the beauty emerging from such conditions more than matched the squalor. '. . . their presence,' he wrote of the wounded soldiers, 'is a blest renewal of faith.'

A moralist perhaps might object that terms of beauty and ugliness are not the terms in which to speak of so vast a catastrophe, nor should a writer exhibit so keen a curiosity as to the tremors and vibrations of his own spirit in face of the universal calamity. Yet, of all books describing the sights of war and appealing for our pity, this largely personal account is the one that best shows the dimensions of the whole. It is not merely or even to any great extent that we have been stimulated intellectually by the genius of Henry James to analyze curious shades and subtleties; but rather that for the first and only time, so far as we are aware, someone has reached an eminence sufficiently high above the scene to give it its grouping and standing in the universal. Read, for instance, the scene of the arrival of the Belgian refugees by night at Rye, which we will not curtail and thus rob of its completeness. It is precisely the same little scene of refugees hurrying by in silence save for the cry of a woman carrying her child, which, in its thousand varieties, a thousand pens have depicted during the past four years. They have done their best, and left us acknowledging their effort, but feeling it to be a kind of siege or battering ram laid to the emotions, which have obstinately refused to yield their fruits. That it is altogether otherwise with the scene painted for us by Henry James

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might perhaps be credited to his training as a novelist. But when, in his stately way, diminishing his stature not one whit and majestically rolling the tide of his prose over the most rocky of obstacles, he asks us for the gift of a motor car, we cannot help feeling that if all philanthropies had such advocates our pockets would never be anything but empty. It is not that our emotions have been harassed by the sufferings of the individual case. That he can do upon occasion with beautiful effect. But what he does in this little book of less than a hundred and twenty pages is, so it seems to us, to present the best statement yet made of the largest point of view. He makes us understand what civilization meant to him and should mean to us. For him it was a spirit that overflowed the material bounds of countries, but it is in France that he sees it most plainly personified:

> . . . what happens to France happens to all that part of ourselves which we are most proud, and most finely advised, to enlarge and cultivate and consecrate. . . . She is sole and single in this, that she takes charge of those of the interests of man which most dispose him to fraternize with himself, to pervade all his possibilities and to taste all his faculties, and in consequence to find and to make the earth a friendlier, an easier, and especially a more various sojourn.

If all our counselors, we cannot help exclaiming, had spoken with that voice!

The Times

CARE

BY GEOFFREY HOWARD

Peace and put off all care from thee.
Endure a little, and be strong.
And lo! this ever rising sea,
This mounting tide of misery,
Shall sink, shall ebb, ere long.

What though the years have brought to grief
The days of warmth, the days of ease,
The blossom odorous and brief,
The bursting and ephemeral leaf;
Good fruit shall follow these —

Gifts, that whate'er the gods may send
Shall lift us high and bear us far.
And these are Labor without end
And Courage, which is man's last friend,
And Honor, his one Star.

The New Witness

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THE WEDDING DRESS

BY SEETA DEVI

I

'RANGADIDI!'

'What is it, Ranu?'

'Don't you know that to-day is Sushy's birthday? So they are going to hold a fancy dress party at their place. I intend to go dressed as the goddess Lakshmi. But I have not got a red *sari*. So mother has sent me to you. She said that you had got lots of beautiful *saris* of Benares silk.'

'My dear, we are old-fashioned people, our things would not be to your taste, you are very modern and have taken to going to the Mem-Sahib's school.'

'There now, Rangadi, how you talk to be sure! What if you are old-fashioned? Pray, is not Lakshmi even more old-fashioned than yourself? Now please do open your trunk and let me see what you have got.'

I had to sit up at the urgency of my little granddaughter's manner. I unlocked my trunk and took out nearly twenty or twenty-five *saris*. Waves of red, blue, green, and pink rolled along the floor of my room, with glittering golden and silver flowers and leaves, but none found favor with the critical little girl. As soon as I took out one, she turned up her nose, and exclaimed, 'This won't do, Rangadidi. Lakshmi won't look right in it.'

I gave it up in despair and said, 'Then, darling, I am afraid I shall not be able to suit you. You must try elsewhere.'

My little darling stood there with a sulky expression on her pretty face and showed not the faintest sign of moving. Suddenly she exclaimed, 'But Rangadi, what do you keep in that box of white stone, there by the side of the big iron safe? Something like gold is glittering between the fretwork.'

That marble box! I had quite forgotten it. It must be about forty years since that day, when I first put my foot within the threshold of this room, dressed in the red silk of a bride with tinkling anklets on and anointed with sandal paste. That little box stood then in that very place. Its color was then like the fresh sea-foam, that crests the waves of the blue ocean: now it has taken on a yellowish tinge with the passage of time. I have gone on seeing it nearly every day of my life, but somehow it has escaped from my memory.

I turned to Ranu and said, 'Ranu, that was a fortunate reminder of yours. You might get the very thing you wanted in this marble box. It contains my wedding dress. I put it there the day I first made my appearance in this house and I have not touched it ever since. So long as your aunt Kalyani was alive, she used to take it out frequently, shake and fold it and make no end of it. But after her death nobody paid any attention to it any more. I will take it out for you, if the worms have left anything.'

The box was secured by a small, old-fashioned brass lock. I picked out its key after a good search among my large bunch of keys. I was doubtful whether the lock would yield to this

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rusty little key, but my fears proved to be false. I pulled up the lid.

Ranu cried out aloud in her delight, 'Oh, what a beauty! Rangadi, I have never seen the like of you! What do you mean by neglecting such a fine thing? It is a mercy that the worms have spared it. I see only two or three small holes. But it is still quite wearable. But how is it, that the box smells so beautifully of camphor?'

'Your aunt Kalyani used to keep chains of camphor beads in it.'

'But what kind of an ornament is this, Rangadi? It looks like a chain of golden jasmines. Such a thing, too, you have left uncared for in this old box? You do neglect your things, I must say that. I have a good mind to run away with it, but I know mother would give me a good slap if I took away such a costly thing. Do you know, ever since I lost that ugly old brooch of mine, mother does not let me touch a single thing. So Lakshmi will have to be content with tinsel ornaments this evening. But I must hurry, else I should be late for the party.'

My granddaughter danced off the room, with the red *sari*. I remained seated on the floor, in front of the open box. Somehow I felt a great disinclination to get up.

Do not scorn it because it is an old woman's life history. I too was young once. And do you know, my beautiful lady readers, that I, too, had a time, when people's eyes clung only to me, even if I stood among a thousand pretty girls?

II

I was born in an ancient aristocratic family. Looked at from the outside, we wanted nothing. We had unbounded wealth, a great ancestral house, retainers and servants innumerable. I was born after four brothers, so the usual want of notice and care, which a girl gets as her birth portion, never fell to my lot. For a long time I enjoyed all the wealth of affection which an only baby among a family of grown-ups had a right to expect. When my little nephews and nieces made their appearances, I assumed the rôle of aunt with due dignity and importance. My grandmother had named me Vidyut (Lightning). Many people give the name 'Lotus-eyed' to their blind children, but everybody with one accord declared that I had fully justified my name. You may be sure that I was quite conscious of the fact. I was as proud as anything of my brilliant complexion and beautiful face. My mother had a large mirror in her bedroom, and whenever I found her absent from her room, I went and stood before that mirror, admiring myself. I used to lean back my head and make the mass of my dark wavy hair touch the ground, or dress it in as many fashions as I possibly could. Sometimes I held up my beautiful arms, white as alabaster and rounded as the stalk of a lotus, to the golden morning light and gazed at them with eyes of wonder. From my very childhood I refused to put on any colors except red or dark blue — I was quite aware of the fact that these two colors enhanced the beauty of my fine complexion. My grandfather was alive then. He used to be greatly amused at my pride and say, 'My dear, it will be a hard job to find a suitable bridegroom for you, great beauty that you are. To my knowledge, there is only one person worthy of that honor, that being, my own humble self.'

Though the scion of an old conservative family, my father cherished many modern theories and ideas. But as my grandfather was alive, he was unable to carry most of his theories into practice. A great agitation was then going on in Bengal about the education of women.

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My father sided with the modern party, who stood in favor of it, but not daring to send any girls of his family to the new girls' school, he himself began to teach me and my two sisters-in-law. But the last mentioned young ladies favored card playing and gossiping much more than they did their studies. They had to make a show of studying so as not to fail in proper respect to their father-in-law but they could never keep to it for more than half an hour. There never was any want of excuses — either their babies began to cry or some household duty required their prompt attention. But I took to my studies from the beginning. I finished all the books my father had brought into the inner apartments; then began to make inroads at night upon my father's library which was situated in the outer apartments.

It was the custom of our family to marry the girls very early. My sisters-in-law too had been married in their childhood. But the old order changed in my case. As I was the only daughter of our house, neither my mother, nor my grandmother could live without me a single day. If anybody asked any questions about my age, they always gave me out to be three or four years younger than I really was, and never failed to remark, 'We give our girls in marriage early, not because we must, but because we will. Nobody would dare to object if we did otherwise. We are a great Kulin family, many daughters of our house had remained unmarried their whole lives and nobody had anything to say.'

So I was growing up, without any thought of my marriage. My grandmother sometimes reminded others that it was high time to think of my marriage, but she received but scant hearing. I used to hear that a suitable bridegroom was being sought for, but nobody seemed to be very energetic about it. As the people around us were mostly our tenants, they never said anything to our faces, and if they said anything behind our backs, nobody brought it to our notice.

My eldest brother's marriage had taken place even before my birth; my second brother too had been married when I was quite small. My third brother was considerably younger than the elder ones, and now his marriage was about to be solemnized. My grandfather wished it to be a very grand affair, as he was doubtful whether he would live to see any other festive ceremony of the family.

The bride-elect was the daughter of a poor house, but as she was reported to be supremely beautiful, my grandfather consented to the match. After the bride had been formally seen and chosen, he came to me and said with a smile, 'My dear, you think that your beauty stands unrivaled, so you do not condescend even to look at this old fellow. As I am quite tired of your imperiousness, I am bringing home a greater beauty than even you.'

I laughed at his words, but somehow I felt a little uneasy in my mind. Was she really more beautiful? Well, let her come, then I shall be able to judge.

The wedding itself was to be a very simple affair, as the bride's father was a poor man. But the preparations that were being made for the reception of the bride in our house were meant to make up for all want of magnificence in the wedding. A great feast was to be given in our house; then all the family together with an enormous number of friends, relations, and guests, was to go out to a villa, situated on the banks of the Ganges, and spend a festive week there. Ample provisions had been made for entertaining the guests with dance, music, and theatrical performances.

The day of the home-coming of the bride arrived. The festal clamor in our

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house was great enough to be almost deafening. A band had struck up near the outer gate, and all the children had assembled there to listen to the music. My mother and my eldest sister-in-law were busy taking counsel together over the proper management of the various rites and ceremonies. Nobody seemed to have any time to spare and those who really did the least, went about with the most anxious faces.

But what was I doing all this time? You would laugh, if you knew. I was in my own room, taking out all the pretty *saris* I had and trying on every-one of them to find out which suited me most. I was determined not to own defeat to another woman. At last I decided upon a silk, whose color was that of the clear autumnal sky and it was embroidered all over with golden stars. I let down my hair, which reached down to my ankles and kept it from blowing over my face, with a chain of sapphires tied across my brow. I did not put on many jewels as I was quite confident that my beauty needed but few aids. It took me a long time to finish dressing. Then, coming out of the room, I mingled with all the girls and young women assembled near the entrance to the inner apartments.

Suddenly the sound of loud music broke upon our ears. The procession must be quite near. What a deafening uproar! The huge procession came on slowly and stopped before the outer gate. The silver palanquin, which bore the newly wedded pair, entered the inner court. I pushed my way to the front of my companions, as I was determined to have a good look at the bride. My mother advanced to receive the bride. I still see her in my mental vision, as she then appeared. She looked like the veritable queen of Kailasa, Parvatee herself, with the child Lakshmi in her arms. The girl bride was indeed beautiful! Her face seemed to be moulded out of fresh churned butter, her eyes were those of a startled fawn.

I was gazing at the bride in open-mouthed wonder and had forgotten even to be envious. One of my numerous cousins, named Kamalini, had been standing by me. All of a sudden, she remarked aloud, 'Well, I admit that the bride's face is beautiful, but as to complexion, she cannot hold a candle to our Vidyut. How grandfather exaggerates!'

Why, so it was! I came back to myself with a jerk. However pretty the face of the bride might be, I stood far superior to her in brilliance of complexion and wealth of hair. I now joined in the festive ceremonies with a tranquil mind. As I bowed down to the new bride, she looked at me with her big eyes full of wonder.

The old people of that district still talk about the magnificence of my third brother's wedding. It was truly unsurpassed there. After the great feast in the ancestral house, we started for the riverside villa in great state. A number of bullock carts started with the luggage, for my brother and his friends, elephants were procured, and last of all the ladies came in their closed carriages. A crowd of servants brought up the rear.

It was already dark, when we reached our destination. We were unable to have any of the good out-door walks we had planned beforehand, as my mother insisted upon our having supper and retiring early. I and Kamalini shared one room, my sisters-in-law occupied the adjacent rooms.

Quite early in the next morning, I was suddenly roused by a good shake from my second sister-in-law. As I opened my eyes, she cried out, 'Now, dear, do get up. Have you come here to sleep and eat? I heard that the

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garden had been much added to, many new beds have been planted and many fountains and marble seats have been made. Let us go and have a look at them.'

Kamalini, who was already sitting up in her bed, now put in, while rubbing her still sleep-laden eyes: 'But do you intend to start in the night? Why not go during the day? The garden won't run away you know.'

My sister-in-law gave me a good tug as she replied, 'My dear madam, do you think the men would vacate the garden in the daytime for your good pleasure and go and sit out in the fields? Not if I know them. If you want to see the garden, you must come now, while they are still asleep.'

Kamalini gave way, and we got out for our walk. It was still chilly, so I wrapped myself in a green shawl and went out.

The garden was a very large one, and in no way resembled the small enclosure heavily laden with flowering plants in earthen jars, which we used to call a garden in our town house. This garden extended far and wide and I felt a bit afraid at first when I stepped into it. A wealth of flowers appeared on every side, the pearly dewdrops of the early dawn still fresh upon them. As we passed under the avenue of trees, our hair, faces, and mantles became profusely sprinkled as from the wet skirts of the wood nymphs, who had just left their baths.

We had not advanced far, when Kamalini suddenly threw herself down upon a bank of green grass by the side of a fountain of colored water and said in a decided manner, 'I cannot walk any more, you may go on, but I shall return to the house from this place, after I have rested a bit.'

Our pleadings were in vain, so we two left her and moved on.

A small hillock of jet-black stones stood near by. It was covered all over with flowering creepers and shrubs, and a tiny stream of sparkling water had sprung out of its heart and was flowing down its side. It had formed into a little rivulet at the base of the hillock and had at last merged itself into a miniature lake, all aglow with a host of red lotuses.

We went and stood by the side of the hillock. My sister-in-law sat down upon a rustic bench which stood close by and said, 'Kamalini was right after all. We should have gone back with her. My feet are aching all over and I am very tired. But look there, sister, what glorious lotuses! Of all flowers, I think, they are the most beautiful.'

I had run into the habit of expressing an opinion upon every earthly subject, so I at once put in, 'Whatever you may say, sister, I think jessamine the most beautiful. The lotus is, of course, superior in outward beauty; but as to sweetness of smell it must give way to the jessamine.'

'Oh, indeed! so outward beauty is no match for the inward one? That is something new from you. Up to now you were the greatest advocate for outward beauty, but now it seems——'

My sister-in-law left off in the middle of a sentence, and looking round at her I saw her veil her face with the end of her *sari* and rise from her seat as in a hurry. Astonished at her behavior, I turned my eyes to the spot whence the surprise seemed to have come. Oh, dear, someone had been sitting on the other side of the hillock, now he had risen up at the sound of our voices.

As I was the daughter of the house, I was quite unaccustomed to veil myself, as my sister-in-law at once did. And to tell the truth, even if I had been, it would never have entered my mind then. The moment, which stands as the One Moment of my life, was not to be wasted in that manner.

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So long the word beauty had denoted to me but my own beauty, but now I looked at the beauty of another. What a wonderful face it was! To me it seemed to be even more beautiful than the face of the Greek statue which stood in the garden. To you it would be surprising that an ordinary Bengalee youth can possess such beauty. But remember that it was the first time that I looked at a man with the eyes of a woman. The rosy color of the maiden's own heart lends the man a beauty, which no man ever really possessed. So long I had been the petted and spoiled child of a wealthy house, and the men I had looked upon were but my brothers, uncles, and other relations. But now had come the first Young Unknown, and as I gazed at him my childhood seemed to drop from me and was lost forever.

He looked at me with no less wonder than I suppose I did. I thought of it later on, but not then. It was but for a moment, that we looked at each other. An almost imperceptible pressure of the hand from my sister-in-law made me recover myself and I turned away with a start. He too at the same moment vanished behind the dark deodar avenue. Just then the eastern sky heralded the approach of the sun with its rosy blush. There was also another sunrise, in the sky of my young life, and I returned home steeped in the glory of its wonderful effulgence.

Entering my room, I went and stood before the mirror, almost unconscious of what I was doing. Vague and indistinct thoughts kept rushing into my mind, but I was unable to put them into shape. Suddenly a voice cried from behind me, 'My dear young lady, you need not study your appearance so anxiously. It was stunning enough for that poor fellow. He is sure to fall down in a swoon after he reaches his room.'

With a start I drew back from the mirror. Was it really for that purpose, which my sister-in-law so clearly defined, that I had been standing before it? I cannot wholly deny it.

The great rejoicings and festivities of our house were unable to claim my attention. I did not fail to notice that Kamalini and my second sister-in-law were having a good laugh at my expense, but in spite of many efforts I was quite unable to compose myself and appear like everyone else. It is certain that none except those two above-mentioned ladies had any attention to spare for my unusual behavior, but I continually dreaded exposure before everybody.

A great feast had been arranged for that evening. The friends of my newly married brother sat down to it with him, along a long corridor in front of the kitchen. The elders took themselves away, so that the mirth of the young people might be unrestrained. Suddenly they proposed that the new bride must serve some food to them, otherwise they would decline to touch anything. Were the family preceptor and priest alone to have that privilege, and were the friends of the bridegroom of no importance whatever? My mother and grandmother laughed at their clamor and said, 'Very well, let the new bride serve a bit. It is quite proper for a new bride to appear before menfolk.'

The bride was brought in, she was glittering all over with jewels and silks. A large silver ladle was handed to her, which she at once dropped in her nervousness. She was all a-tremble. My mother became anxious and said, 'It would never do to send her alone before so many people. She will drop down of sheer nervousness, somebody must go along with her.'

But who was to go? All the daughters-in-law of the house drew back,

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veiling themselves copiously. Kamalini, on being requested, cried out in dismay, 'Oh, dear, I could not do that for anything!'

Nobody moved. The clamor among the guests became uproarious. My grandmother jestingly said to mother, 'Why not send me along with the new bride? The two brides of Bengal may very well serve together.'

My mother laughed and answered, 'That would be the best arrangement, if it only could be done. But we are getting late.' Suddenly her eyes fell upon me and she called to me, 'Come here, dear, you go with the bride. Take firm hold of her, do not let her fall down.'

'And take firm hold of yourself, too, dear, see that you do not fall down yourself!' whispered Kamalini from behind.

I had been feeling nervous, but I pulled myself together in anger at her sarcasm and went out with the bride. The young men were seated in a long row, talking and laughing aloud. A sudden silence fell upon them as we appeared. The new bride served with the silver ladle and I moved along with her. My legs were trembling with nervousness, and my face seemed to be on fire. But yet, in the midst of that overwhelming sense of shyness, I could not help looking up once. Another person, too, just looked up at that very moment.

My mother signed to us to come back as soon as we had passed along the whole row once.

The joyous festive week went on, but it had very little attention from me. Kamalini and my sister-in-law went on making jokes for a day or two, then they forgot everything about it.

A great musical performance was held on the last day of the week. A famous band of professional singers had been engaged for that purpose. The ladies took their seats behind silken curtains, while the friends of my brother sat down in front of them, so as to keep a bit apart from the older folk.

The ladies went on feeding their babies and taking stock of one another's dresses and ornaments as they listened to the singing. I too did not pay undivided attention to the music, but neither to the small talk around me.

A great shout of approval went up as a song came to an end. My grandfather threw his own shawl on the singer and others followed suit with many rich gifts.

Such unexpected good luck made that man greedy. He turned round to the ladies in an expectant attitude with joined palms. My mother gave me two golden *mohurs* and requested me to throw it out to him. I tied the two coins in my silk handkerchief, so that they might not get lost in the crowd, and, putting out my hand from behind the curtains, I threw it out in the direction of the singer.

But as good or bad luck would have it, the handkerchief, instead of falling before the singer, fell down among that crowd of young men, who had been sitting in front of us. One of them picked it up, and, untying the coins, presented it to the singer. But somehow the handkerchief remained in his own hands. Need I tell you, who it was? People grieve over lost property, but the joy I felt at losing that handkerchief, still remains unparalleled in my life. How long I had been gazing at that appropriator of other's goods, I cannot now tell, but I came back to myself as the singing began again.

The party broke up the next day. The guests and relations departed to their homes, and we too came back to our usual residence.

But one marriage seemed to have reminded the whole family about the

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urgency of another. Everybody became quite energetic all of a sudden to arrange a good match for me. Professional match-makers went in and out all the day long. As I had arranged a match for myself, I felt disgusted at their presence. I did not know anything about that secret bridegroom of mine, who he was, where he lived, or what he did, but somehow a conviction had sprung up in my heart, that to him and to none but him would I be given in marriage. My knowledge amounted to this alone, that his name was Manindra, and this much, too, I had to wrest from Kamalini at the expense of a whole day's teasing.

One evening, I was seated before the window of my room and a single star was shining above the large neem tree, which stood in front. Suddenly my sister-in-law rushed laughing into the room and cried out, 'I have brought a piece of great good news. What are you going to give me as a reward? You need not remain staring at the skies any longer, a time is coming when the earth will have sufficient attraction for you.'

I understood quite well what she meant, but as she was many years my senior, I did not give any answer to her repartee and she went off laughing. A feeling of mingled joy and fear arose in my heart, causing a tremor in my whole body.

A scene of immense bustle and noise began once more. Jewelers, goldsmiths, carpenters, and clothes merchants poured into our house from all quarters. Mother one day remarked, while talking to the ladies of the house, 'This is my only daughter. I will send her to her father-in-law's house with such a trousseau, that the mother-in-law, however clever she be, would have a hard job of it trying to find out defects.'

Day after day passed on and the auspicious day approached. But did not I have any fear or doubt? To whom was I going to trust myself? But as the first streak of light in the sky dispels a world of darkness, so a single line, which came to my ears from the next room, drove away all my doubts and fears. An aunt of mine was talking to my mother. Suddenly she asked, 'But, sister, have they seen the bride?' My mother laughed and said, 'No, sister, we won't have to show the bride formally. The bridegroom himself has seen her and chosen her, while he was here as a guest in the wedding party of Bimal.' Need I tell you any more, why my mind was free from any doubts?

A silk merchant came to our house to take orders for my wedding dress. My mother called all my sisters-in-law to talk over things with, 'We are old-fashioned folks, our tastes might not suit young people.' The young ladies gathered round the man in great enthusiasm. I, too, was hauled along by them to be a member of their committee. After a great deal of talking, my eldest sister-in-law decided upon a deep crimson silk, covered all over with gold embroidery which flashed as streaks of lightning. It was specially to their liking as it matched my name. I, too, liked the thing immensely, and escaping to my room, sat down hugging the thought to my bosom, that the grievance I had of appearing in an ordinary dress before a certain person was likely to be soon remedied.

On the day of the 'maiden's feast' in our house, a large number of presents arrived from the bridegroom's house. My sister-in-law while praising their taste and liberality remarked aside to me, 'You are lucky, my dear, your husband's family does not seem to be any poorer than your father's family.'

A large number of friends and rela-

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tions soon arrived and I was scarcely left to myself even for a moment. Then, too, I had to go about every day as I was constantly being invited by others.

The day arrived at last. A woman never loses the memory of her wedding day, however old she might be; neither have I.

From the morning I had been sitting on a seat of sandal wood, which was covered all over with leaves and flowers of *alpana*.* Of that numerous gathering I alone was silent that day. Now and then one of my sisters-in-law or cousins would peep in, and go off smiling. Nearly all the relations we had in every part of the world had arrived, but fresh ones still poured in. At the sound of approaching footsteps I looked up and saw my mother entering, accompanied by an old lady. Mother came near and said, 'Vidyut, this is my aunt, bow down to her.' I did as I was bid; the old lady blessed me fervently, then turning to my mother, asked her, 'The bride is truly called Vidyut, my dear, but how is the bridegroom? I hope they will be a well-matched pair?' I laughed in my heart. How should that old lady know how supremely handsome the bridegroom was?

My mother answered, 'What does outward beauty matter, dear aunt? My son-in-law Prasanna is not much to look at, but I tell you my daughter is lucky to get such a husband.'

Prasanna! And not much to look at! What is this? The daylight suddenly became pitch dark in my eyes and the furniture of the room began to swirl round and round. The old lady shrieked out in alarm. I suppose I must have looked rather strange. My mother threw her arms about me, and said, 'She has been fasting all the day, she is feeling weak, I think; come along with me, dear, and lie down, you need not sit here any longer.' She went away after putting me to bed.

The joyous clamor around me sounded in my ears like the shrieks of the damned. I wished to cry out, but no tears came, instead something heavy as iron settled down upon my heart. It was a drama worth seeing. The flash of lightning was seen and admired by all, but who knew where the thunderbolt struck? Truly, a woman's heart is hard, otherwise how did I bear what I had to bear? A Hindu woman has at times to suffer in silence torments that would beat records of hell.

It was already evening, when a crowd of young girls burst into the room, and pulled me up from the bed. The bride must begin her toilette now. They went on dressing and adorning me to their hearts' content, while I sat like a statue. After chattering and toiling for nearly two hours, they finished their work. My eldest sister-in-law dragged me before a large mirror and cried out, 'Now have a good look, see whether you like your own appearance, never mind about another's likings.'

I looked up at my own image reflected in the mirror. Yes, I was fittingly adorned. I seemed to be wrapped about in flames, and flames, too, raged in my heart. My dress shone and sparkled as if steeped in liquid fire, my wristlets, and necklet of diamonds, shot sparks of fire. I wished that the fiery borders of my silken cloth would truly become a flame and wrap me in its fatal embrace. I moved away from before the mirror. 'Don't fall in love with your own image,' mocked Kamalini. Fine indeed was my image! A great pang shot through my heart, as I remembered with what joyous hopes I had looked forward to this bridal toilette.

* Ceremonial drawings on auspicious occasions, on the floor, wooden seats, etc.

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The bridegroom arrived. The women's rites, the reception of the bridegroom, all danced before my eyes like so many shadowy pictures. At the time of the 'Auspicious Look,' a large red silken cloth was thrown over our head. All requested us to look at each other and impelled by a sudden curiosity I looked up. A dark face was before me and eyes full of entreaty and love looked into mine. I dropped my eyes at once.

The marriage was over at last. We then took our seats in a large room, lighted up with great hanging lamps and chandeliers and crowded to the full with girls and women. Their laughter and jokes knew no bounds. A flood of joyousness seemed to have swept over the assembly. The friends of the bridegroom were waiting outside and constantly sending to ask permission to come in and have a look at their friend's bride. At last they got the required permission. The ladies for the most part drew back with veiled faces behind the giant bedstead, and a few escaped out of the room and peeped through the windows. A large number of young men burst into the room with joyous shouts. They had their fill of jests and jokes, then began slowly to retire one by one, as the wedding supper was about to commence. When nearly all had departed, someone suddenly pushed into the room and came and stood before us. I looked up. I felt as if I would drop down from my seat in a swoon and my hands and feet turned cold as ice. Somehow I recovered myself. My third brother came forward and addressing my husband said, 'Prasanna, Manindra has come to see you.' My husband looked at the visitor with a smile of welcome. Manindra came nearer and taking out of his pocket a parcel wrapped in flimsy blue paper, said, 'Friend, I have brought a little present for your wife. I did not put it down with the other presents, as it would be quite lost in that magnificent array.' Saying this he took off the wrapping and taking out a chain of gold put it into my trembling hands. It was a garland of jessamines, some cunning workman had copied nature very faithfully in gold. My husband answered back laughingly, but I did not hear what he said. I looked up once more. He, too, spoke his farewell in a long look, then disappeared in the rapidly thinning crowd. The traveler, who had first stepped into my young life in the rosy blushing dawn, now went out of it forever in the red glare of festive lamps and through a noisy festal crowd.

The ladies again thronged into the room. Kamalini took the golden chain off my hands and put it round my neck, remarking, 'It is certainly of Cuttack workmanship. Our goldsmiths are not up to such work.'

It was already midnight, when we at last found ourselves alone. My husband tried to make me speak, but in vain, and at last laid himself down to sleep. The hanging lamps went out one by one, flickering and spluttering. I sat still on my bed throughout that long night. Sleep refused to come to the aid of my tortured heart.

The next day I left the home of my childhood and stepped out with a stranger for a strange home. The most auspicious and joyous day in a woman's life, ended for me in a flood of tears.

A warm welcome was waiting for me in the new home. But I seemed to have become an unfeeling automaton. I moved about as others made me move, and heard without answer the thousand remarks and questions which flew about me. The gladness and joy which I witnessed in others, served only to petrify my heart more and more.

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The bustle and noise subsided a little in the evening. Two or three girls of the house then conducted me to my bedroom and kindly left me there to rest. As soon as they were out of the room, I tore off my wedding finery and, putting out the single lamp which was burning in a corner, I flung myself down on the bare cold floor of the room.

How long I had been lying there I have no idea, but somebody's sudden entrance into my room made me sit up. It was a young girl of about eighteen, dressed in the white garb of a widow. Her face was beautiful, though she was dark in complexion. Her loose curly hair blew about her face, her eyes looked like veritable springs of sadness. It seemed as if this young maiden had just stepped out of the arms of the goddess of evening with her calm and sad beauty.

She bowed down to me and then sat down by me. She took my hand in hers and said, 'I am one of your numerous nieces, my dear aunt. I am named Kalyani. You did not see me till now, because I have lost the right to show my face at auspicious events. Your husband sent me to you thinking you must be feeling lonely. But why are you sitting in the dark and on the floor? Please get up and sit on the bed.'

The laughter and light all around had been only increasing the burning pain in my heart; the sad face of this girl somewhat comforted me. The tears now came; I wept and wept and could not restrain myself at all.

Kalyani put her arms about me and began to comfort me. 'Don't cry, dear,' she said; 'the pangs of separation from one's parents are keen indeed, but you will get accustomed to it. Women have to suffer far harder things. I, too, thought once that I should not be able to rise up from the earth any more, but see I am going about now like everybody else.' Then suddenly she stood up and cried, 'But let such things go. We must not talk about them on this auspicious day. Let me arrange your room. Why have you put out the light?'

Kalyani lighted the lamp again and moved about the room, putting everything in its place. Suddenly she came upon my wedding *sari*, thrown upon the floor. She picked it up and cried, 'Why have you flung it here, dear? Well, I will put it up for you. The old women here say that one must not wear one's wedding dress twice. It is to be kept in a box and when torn should be thrown into water.'

She folded the thing carefully and then pointing out a box of marble to me, said, 'Do you see that box over there, by the side of the big, iron safe? I put it there in the morning. It is my present to you. I have got nothing else. That one was given to me by my husband. Will you keep your wedding dress in it? It will then remain apart from your other things.'

I assented. Kalyani put the dress there and went out. After a few minutes, she reëntered with a few chains of camphor beads in her hand. These she arranged about the rich crimson silk. Suddenly I got up and, snatching that garland of jessamines from my neck, flung it into the box.

'Why do you put it there?' asked Kalyani in astonishment. 'It should go into the jewel box, you will have to take it out frequently.'

'No,' I said, 'let it remain there, I will never take it out again. When I fling the wedding dress into water, this, too, shall accompany the dress.'

Kalyani looked at me for a minute, with her wonderful eyes, then said, 'Very well, let it remain there.'

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III

'Rangadi!'

Young Vidyut, with her slender, graceful figure and wristlets and necklet of diamond, vanished into air. Oh, dear, it is already dark and the lamps have not yet been lighted. I have been dreaming with my eyes open. I have forgotten, too, about the children's supper. Ranu, too, has come back from her friend's house.

I got up from the floor and asked with a smile, 'Now, darling, how many persons lost their senses over the entrancing beauty of Lakshmi?'

'There now, Rangadi, you have begun again. Who is to faint at my sight pray? I don't think there is any one idiotic enough for that purpose. Now take back your *sari*, I have folded it so carefully that not the faintest sign appears of its having been worn. Let us go and put it back in that box.

We went and stood before the box. 'See here, Rangadi,' cried Ranu, while putting back the *sari*, 'the smell of camphor has nearly disappeared. It was but a little while ago that we opened the box. How fast it went! The camphor beads have gone long ago, the fragrance, too, now follows in their wake, but see, the box of marble is still the same.'

'My darling,' I answered, 'fragrance stays with us only for a brief while, then it becomes one with the air. But the stone knows no change, it remains forever.'

The Modern Review (Calcutta)

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE IN FRANCE

BY WINIFRED STEPHENS

We are accustomed to regard France as being among the most advanced of democracies, yet in the matter of women's suffrage she lags far behind nations which in other respects are less democratic. For while in the United States, Scandinavia, Denmark, Germany, Austria, the British Dominions, and even in our own island, sex disqualifications are gradually disappearing from politics, in France they persist so completely that women are still denied any representation on local and on central governing bodies.

It was not always thus. Abundant evidence proves that under the old régime, from Philippe le Bel's convocation of the First States General, in 1302, down to their momentous meeting on the eve of the Revolution, women not only voted for local and central assemblies, but sometimes, as in the case of Mme. de Sévigné, sat and deliberated in provincial estates.

It was the Revolution which, though it established the political rights of men, destroyed those of women. Not at first, however. Everyone knows the important part played by the Women's Revolutionary Clubs, that Mme. Roland was one of the leaders of the Girondist party, and that Condorcet was an eloquent advocate of votes for women. In the early months of the Revolution

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men welcomed women as *citoyennes*. They put them in the forefront of the battle, as in the October march to Versailles. They recognized the services they rendered to the State by striking medals in their honor, by investing them with the sword of victory, and publicly declaring they had deserved well of their country. Then came a change. *Les citoyennes* fell out of favor. The tide of women's political influence and prestige began to ebb. On October 29, 1793, the Women's Revolutionary Clubs were suppressed. And on the following November 9 the National Convention met to discuss whether women were capable of exercising political rights.

At that time France was only just emerging from the Terror. Many of these gentlemen of the Convention had but a short time before perpetrated acts of wild political hysteria. Yet, when they came to consider women's rights to citizenship they did not hesitate to assert that in all who aspire to take part in government an essential characteristic is precisely that quality in which they had shown themselves conspicuously lacking, *viz.*, imperturbable equanimity. This, they declared, men alone were capable of possessing. Men, therefore, had the monopoly of political rights. So in the faces of the women, who had loyally helped them to win their political status, they slammed the doors of citizenship, soon by the Napoleonic Code, which crystallized the principles of the Revolution, to be so securely bolted that they have remained closed ever since.

There never was a more irreconcilable anti-feminist than Napoleon. The invigorating wind of woman's freedom has ever blown from the north; and in the opinion of this southern legislator a woman is as much the property of some man as is a gooseberry-bush the possession of the gardener. With this view of woman's lot and destiny the Corsican inspired those clauses of his codes which deal with women, at least with spinsters and wives. Though a vestige of the early revolutionary doctrine of sex equality lingered on in the clause which compelled a father to bequeath a portion of his estate in equal shares to sons and daughters alike, the latter were treated as incapable of controlling their inheritance as long as they were unmarried, and, when married, as long as their husbands lived. They were regarded as minors, incapable of managing any of their own affairs, of buying, selling, mortgaging, or administering property, of controlling their own earnings, of acting as guardians to their own children, as witnesses or even as signatories to any legal document. It was only by widowhood* that a woman could attain maturity and the right to manage her own business. As for the vote, 'since when did women presume to meddle with politics?' Napoleon asked Mme. de Staël, to receive the swift retort: 'Since men began to guillotine them, Sire.'

But that 'whirlwind in petticoats,' as Goethe called Mme. de Staël, was soon to be an exception. After the Revolution the vast majority of Frenchwomen did not meddle with politics. Indeed, they took little interest in them, and resigned themselves without a murmur to the subordinate position in which the Code placed women.

Though the term *féminisme* is said to have been coined by a Frenchman, by Fourier in his book, *Théorie des Quatre Mouvements et des Destinées*, which appeared in 1808, the Feminist movement developed more slowly in France than in England and the United

*The Napoleonic Code declared divorce illegal.

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States.* When in France it did begin to declare itself, it was more concerned with woman's economic than with her political emancipation. Consequently, it has been in the former direction that Frenchwomen have won their greatest victories. With these, the admission of Frenchwomen to the universities, to the art colleges and to the liberal professions, we are not concerned. Our object is to trace the rise of the modern women's suffrage movement.

It originated when a few advanced reformers included women in the demand for so-called universal suffrage which began to wax loud in the 'thirties. But these masculine advocates of women's suffrage were badly supported by women themselves, even by such revolutionary Feminists as George Sand, who, though she believed manhood suffrage to be a panacea for all men's wrongs, cared little about votes for women. The numerous Feminist journals, which about 1823 came into being as the result of a law permitting women to found, though not to edit, newspapers, all advocated votes for women; but none of them enjoyed a wide circulation and they were for the most part short-lived. The so-called 'universal suffrage' established by the 1848 Revolution was merely manhood suffrage. This was a serious blow to the women's cause. For men, having obtained what they wanted, were not inclined to agitate for any further franchise reform. Consequently, when, in 1851, Pierre Leroux, the founder of French Socialism, or at least the inventor of the term *socialisme*, proposed in *l'Assemblée Nationale Legislative* that women should be granted the local government vote, the Assembly refused even to discuss the project. And the question did not come up again until three and twenty years later, when the present Republican Constitution was being framed at Versailles. Then, when votes for men were being discussed, a feeble voice cried out: 'And what about votes for women?'

'Their time will come,' replied M. d'Haussonville, who was in charge of the Bill.

And immediately came the jeering retort: 'Ah, you say so because you know that then there would be no doubt of your reëlection.'

Nowhere more than in France, from the days of Molière downward, has the ridicule attached to every female who diverges in the slightest from the masculine ideal of the womanly woman more effectually hindered woman's progress. When the question was first mooted of including women in the industrial councils known as *Conseils des Prud'hommes*, it was enough to ask mockingly whether women judges would be called *prud'hommes* or *prud'femmes* for the proposal to be dismissed amid a chorus of guffaws. And even to-day M. Clemenceau's proposal that women shall be admitted to the Commissions of the Peace Congress has provoked shrieks of laughter from certain organs of the French press, which scoff at the idea of women, white, black, and yellow, young, middle-aged, and old, deliberating on the Quai d'Orsay.

Despite these and many other obstacles, the women's suffrage movement toward the end of the nineteenth century began to advance, surely, though slowly. Frenchwomen found encouragement in the strenuous suffrage campaigns of their American and British sisters. Following their example, Frenchwomen were learning to organize. In 1881 one thousand women petitioned the Chamber for the right to vote. Four years later *La*

*Lack of space prevents discussion here of the extravagant Feminist claims and fancies of Fourierists and Saint Simonians. They, unfortunately, tended to prejudice against women's suffrage the main body of sane opinion in France.

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Ligue Française pour la Protection des Femmes persuaded two Parisian ladies to come forward as candidates for the Council of the second *arrondissement*. And it was not until the matter had been made a test case and carried from court to court that their cadidature was declared illegal. A few women, on the ground that they were unrepresented, even refused to pay taxes. In 1906 M. Dussaussoy brought forward a Bill in the *Chambre des Députés*, which proposed to grant women votes for the municipal councils, district councils (*conseils d'arrondissements*), and *conseils généraux*, which roughly correspond to our county councils. About this time the Parliamentary Commission appointed to consider universal suffrage began to occupy itself with votes for women, and created a sub-committee for that purpose, nominating as its chairman the distinguished Radical, then *Député de la Seine*, M. Ferdinand Buisson. In 1909 M. Buisson drew up a comprehensive report of the women's suffrage movement in all lands, which was discussed in the Chamber. By that time numerous suffrage societies had been formed. Some fifty existed on the outbreak of the Great War. Many of these, however, numbered but a few hundred members. By far the largest and the most important was *L'Union Française pour le Suffrage des Femmes*, with branches throughout the whole of France and one in London.

Women were still, as they had been fifty years earlier, their own worst enemies, and, unfortunately, the French Chamber was, on the whole, right when, in 1890, in dismissing without discussion a Bill for women's complete enfranchisement, it declared that really intelligent women would, if consulted, be the first to reject so dangerous a gift. This attitude, no doubt, was part of a tendency to stand aloof from politics and to distrust universal suffrage, which, among even enlightened men and women, was revealing itself throughout France. When men were too superior to make use of their political rights, why should women aspire to possess them? Universal suffrage had been discredited in France. Was it not responsible for the régime which ended in *le débâcle* of 1870? Hence, on the eve of the Great War it was not uncommon to hear even leading French Feminists declare that they did not want the vote. The war, however, as we shall show, convinced them of their error.

In August, 1914, in France as in England, French Women's Suffrage Societies suspended their propaganda in order to concentrate on war work. But gradually even *antis* began to realize how their votelessness hampered their activities in various directions. The most striking instance of this occurred when, in 1915, it was proposed to appoint State guardians for children whose parents had perished in the war. Women were naturally able and eager to undertake this patriotic work. But they found themselves debarred from engaging in it by the clause in *le Code Napoléon* which disqualifies a woman from acting as guardian of any child, a clause which would never have been allowed to stand had women been able to vote. Though it has now been repealed, many other anomalies equally disastrous to the State are permitted to persist. In several communes during the war, at the invitation of the townsmen, women have served in the capacity of mayor, though they do not possess a vote for the municipal council. The controversies about wages that have arisen during the war have proved how difficult it is for the vast multitudes of voteless women workers to obtain justice.

After two years' suspension such

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considerations as these obliged the French Suffrage Union to resume its suffrage propaganda in the third year of the war. Suffragists were then encouraged to find how many supporters for their cause in both Houses of Parliament had been won by the admirable war work of Frenchwomen. When in January, 1918, the Houses reassembled after the Christmas recess, both *le doyen* of the Chamber and of the Senate, in their opening speeches, advocated the complete political enfranchisement of women. In June M. Louis Martin, in the Senate, brought forward a Bill to give votes for local and central governing bodies to all women over twenty-five and to render them eligible for local assemblies. The Bill was read for the second time, but without discussion, in the following November.

It was a memorable day. For on that afternoon the capitulation of Bulgaria, Turkey, and Austria was formally announced. Few of the senatorial *fauteuils* were unoccupied; deputies who had come over from the Chamber thronged the gangways; visitors crowded into the galleries, in one of which, by the kindness of a suffragist senator, I had been given a front seat. It seemed fitting that after M. Pichon, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, had made the important announcement, and the Senate had passed a resolution declaring that the President of the Republic, the Prime Minister, Marshal Foch, and the army and the navy had deserved well of their country, a Bill should be read bestowing the complete suffrage on women, for surely they, too, by their magnificent war work had deserved well of their country.

The Parliamentary Commission on Universal Suffrage is more cautious. It regards M. Martin's Bill as too revolutionary. It fears that so sweeping a measure might alienate public support. It proposes to advance by stages. *Votre Commission du Suffrage Universel . . .* runs the report,* *a tenu à désarmer à l'avance tous ceux qui, à tort ou à raison, de bonne foi ou de mauvaise foi, redoutent l'entrée brusquée des femmes dans la vie publique, qui réclament un délai consacré à l'apprentissage politique du sexe féminin, et conseillent l'ajournement de la réforme jusqu'à des temps moins troublés.* The Commission, therefore, has decided to support a Bill granting the vote, but not eligibility, to all women over thirty for local assemblies only, *i.e.*, for *conseils municipaux, conseils d'arrondissement, conseils généraux.* A day has already been appointed for the discussion of this extremely moderate Bill by the *Chambre des Députés*, and it is fully expected that the present Parliament will pass it before its now rapidly approaching dissolution. The Prime Minister, in receiving a deputation from the Inter-Allied Women's Conference in February,† declared that he was in favor of granting the municipal, but not the Parliamentary, vote to women. He, like a vast number of Frenchmen, while hesitating to place the feminine rank and file on even the lowest rung of the political ladder, would willingly raise the *élite* of the sex to public positions of great responsibility and honor. M. Clemenceau, in retaining this old-fashioned view, is probably inspired by anti-Clerical prejudice, which he shares with many other French Radicals. They argue that the political enfranchisement of Frenchwomen would mean the triumph of the Catholic Church, that women will vote as their priests direct them. We used to hear a similar argument on the lips of anti-

* *Chambre des Députés — 11 ième Législature — Session de 1918. Rapport fait au Nom de la Commission du Suffrage Universel, par M. Pierre-Etienne Flandin (Yonne). Député. Pages 18, 19.*

† See the weekly paper, *La Française*, February 22, 1919.

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suffragists in England. But we wonder how many Englishwomen in the last election consulted their clergymen, their priests, or their ministers as to how they were to vote. A recent writer in the Socialist newspaper, *L'Humanité*,* admits that the granting of women's suffrage may at first have a slightly reactionary effect, because on the whole women are less educated than men. But surely, he adds, this is a reason for hastening rather than delaying that political enfranchisement which will have the educative effect of widening their interests and deepening their sense of responsibility.

Another forcible argument against this anti-Clerical objection to women's Parliamentary enfranchisement may be found in the fact that Catholics and other reactionaries oppose the reform on the ground that the women's vote will hasten revolution. The truth of that matter is that women will not vote *en bloc*, but will distribute their votes among all parties. In Catholic districts, like Brittany, for example, the women's vote will be Catholic, but in anti-Clerical regions, such as the Department of Yonne, their vote will be anti-Clerical. Moreover, the spread of women's higher education in France, the growing customs of attending university courses and entering liberal professions are tending day by day more and more to emancipate women and give them opinions of their own.

The most hopeful of women suffragists are confident that they will receive the Parliamentary vote from the next Parliament.* And they believe that the effect of that vote will be not to strengthen any Clerical or anti-Clerical party so much as to oblige French legislators to deal in an enlightened manner with those difficult women's questions — female factory work in its relation to maternity, infant mortality, and so forth — which, unless they receive some satisfactory solution, will threaten the very foundations of our civilization.

L'Humanité, January 27, 1919.

*As we go to press news which is not encouraging comes from Paris. The Senate has declared itself against M. Martin's Bill. In the Chamber of Deputies, the municipal enfranchisement of women, which was to have formed a part of the general scheme of electoral reform, has been separated from it and is to be considered later.

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THE SCANDAL OF SECTARIAN NON-ESSENTIALS

BY PROF. W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE, F.R.S., F.B.A.

In whatever age of religious history we may look, the relations between alleged causes of difference and the actual effects seem absurdly disproportionate. In most cases the ostensible reason for a difference, the σκανδάλον which hindered unity, seems to other ages quite incredible. It is so far from being essential, that in many cases it looks to the perceptions of a later age like an open question, or a point of entire indifference. In speaking thus, we are not considering what is desirable, but what is essential. There are many things desirable to a complete unity of feeling and coöperation; but our concern here is with what is essential, without which a fellow Christian is held to be excommunicate.

In order to see things from a wider point of view, it may help to clear our vision if we look over the causes of dissension in the past. In each case we may see, more or less evidently, that the real cause was a difference of feeling and outlook which could not be defined in words, or the definition of which by either party would be necessarily in terms offensive to the other. A comparatively slight incident of difference, therefore, became a badge, like the red and white roses, or the roundhead and lovelocks, which served to label a much deeper and less definable antagonism. To see this form of the case is the road to analyze our present differences. While we talk of some label, let us ponder whether there is a real antagonism of nature lower down. If there be a deeper cause, let us hold our peace about the label; if there is no under cause, then drop the label. Either way, discussion of the label never did lead to unity, and never will.

The first great disruption in the Church was that of the Athanasian controversy, and that depended fundamentally on whether there could have been an order of events before time and matter existed. To the modern mind such a question seems entirely in the air, if we are concerned with the unity of the Church. To the mind of Arius a Father must necessarily precede a Son; to that of Athanasius there could be no precedence when there was yet no matter, and no time yet existed. The bitterness, the persecutions, the martyrdoms that raged beneath this label were not originated by it; they belonged to opposed factions who for over two centuries rent the Roman world. To trace the differences of standpoints, of nationality, and of motives which belonged to these factions is a much-needed historical study. It is all the more difficult because of the destruction of most of the writings on one side, and we are reduced to gleaning a few lucid fragments of Arius by their being selected for denunciation in the *Orations* of Athanasius.

After that came the Homo-ousion and the Homoi-ousion division, which was the outcome of the previous parties. Here the vagueness of defining the undefinable was necessarily so wide that the definition of the two sides overlapped. Yet this cry was enough to label the two parties that rent the Church.

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Now let us look nearer home, where we can see more behind the scenes. What was the open label of division between the British and Saxon Churches? The date of Easter, and the form of the tonsure! The keeping of any Easter, however reasonable and laudable, is not named in the New Testament; the tonsure is much later, entering directly from outside of Christianity. Yet for these — nominally — the Churches were at feud. We know well enough that these were but labels of a deep antagonism, of the plundered and the plunderer, of two centuries of bitter, savage warfare. That was what kept the Churches apart; the intriguing of Wilfrid and his party against the Celtic missions, which had done the real work in the North, pressed this bitterness home. Yet the labels sufficed to mark the question of submission of one Church to the other.

Turn again to the East, and we see it furiously divided over the Monothelite controversy. Would any congregation now think of breaking up over a matter which is purely a point of theological theory? Do we not realize that we each have many wills in our own minds, warring against each other? And who are we, to dogmatize about the precise nature of a Divine will? Is not the question of the *Filioque* another such scandal-stumbling block? It is impossible for minds bound in matter to comprehend the nature of the immaterial; as well might a Botacudo define electricity. At least the more dogmatic side of the Anglican Church finds the clause no hindrance to fraternizing with the Greek Church. Who can doubt that the political rivalry and jealousy of patriarchs was the real cause of division, and that the *Filioque* was but the outward sign? To take a more individual cause of excommunication, the celibacy of the clergy. Unheard of in the first three centuries, it was gradually forced on, until rendered compulsory by Hildebrand. The label was the sanctity of clerical life; but the facts prove the real requirement to have been the claim of the Church to the entire life of its votaries. So long as they would form only temporary connections, the Church in various ages made little objection to their following the vices too often found in their superiors in office.

A great rending of the Church arose on the Iconoclast question. Here the ostensible cause was obvious, and more genuine than most labels. Yet, behind this, it was Leo the Isaurian, the founder of a new dynasty, who wrought this reformation; with it went the attempt to reconcile the Civil and Canon Law, to refuse right of asylum to Churches, to relax the death penalty, to relax the *patria potestas*, and to make equal laws for rich and poor. The whole movement was probably influenced by the example of Islam, not far east of Isauria; and it was Basil the Macedonian, under western influence, who countered this legislation in the next century. It is obvious that different ideas of race, of politics, and of connections were all rolled up beneath the ecclesiastical label of Iconoclasm.

Even in the great division of the Reformation, though the labels were real causes, yet they covered a wider and more fundamental cause, which was less seen and mentioned. The greatest matter was the reduction of the *sacerdos* to the elder or presbyter, the repudiation of the power of a celebrant, and the replacing him by the ministrant, who counseled but did not command. With this fell the whole doctrines of Transubstantiation, Confession, Penance, Absolution, Masses for the Soul, and other priestly func-

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tions, which men have ever since recognized as baseless if a supernatural priesthood is not conceded.

Still later, in our struggles of the seventeenth century, the labels of Church government and forms of worship were but the externals of a basic difference between Cavaliers and Roundheads. The Celtic and the Danish wars of a thousand years before are echoed in the struggles of their descendants in the last three centuries.

Now, come to our own day. What are the labels of division? Ordination and Episcopal succession by physical contact. But are these the real differences? Are there not much larger, but undefined, differences yawning beneath, gulfs which cannot be filled or bridged by anything obvious and definite? The clash of the Stuart age was not ended by Toleration; its causes lived on in the eighteenth-century opposition of Conformity and Nonconformity. The abolition of all civil disabilities has not ended the difference. As a Nonconformist remarked to me, on seeing two equally well-to-do congregations streaming out of church and chapel side by side, 'One can see at a glance which is which.' There is a physical difference which goes with the mental difference, probably both an ancestral inheritance from different stocks. The most typical mental difference is that of preferring a liturgy, or else an extemporary form of worship. Let is look closer at that.

Each type appeals to its own form of religious feeling. The seat of inherited religious sense is specially the unconscious mind, with its intuitions, deeper even than personal experience. This is perhaps the essential seat of all religion, the nearest contact with the Father of Spirits. It is to this that a liturgy appeals; no physical strain of attention is needed; a word or two is enough to start the devotional thought of each passage, so that the material makes the least inroad on the spiritual. It is parallel to the highest forms of literature or conversation, where allusions indirectly expand the train of thought far beyond the words. But the higher a process the more terrible may be its failures, and the deadly peril of a liturgy is formality. As most people will not think if they need not do so, any form tends to mechanical repetition, which is carried to its logical extreme by the Buddhist prayer-wheel. Judging by the test of audibility, many rapid reciters of liturgy now might well give place to a dignified gramophone.

It is against this failure that the extemporary system protests, while retaining the value of associations in the Bible and modern hymns. It appeals directly to the conscious intellect and emotions; it is obviously in the field of action. However the quality may vary, the product claims to be really alive and genuine in its expression. It prefers new corduroy to rotten velvet. It treats the great intuitional religious existence with fresh douches of conscious expression, which may either invigorate or chill.

Here are two entirely opposite avenues to the unseen, the intuitional and the intellectual, thoroughly typical of the natures of two different classes of mind. Neither can claim to be intrinsically better than the other, for they belong to different ancestries, different outlooks, different perceptions, different frames of thought, different values in life. We know well enough in ordinary converse how different the various religious types are in perceptions. The dead-walls from which the ball of conversation will not rebound are in entirely diverse parts of the mind when talking to a Nonconformist, an Evangelical, a Ritualist,

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or a Romanist, not to mention an Agnostic. Apart from the forbidden grounds where the ball must not go, there are large regions in each type of mind in which it will not rebound. The minds cannot be treated alike, their very natures differ, as one star differs from another in glory.

Now, what is the use of settling details of ordination when the types are so fundamentally apart? Any joint system of give and take would only make half a congregation wince at the omissions, and the other half wince at the commissions. If I prefer one dish at a feast, or one kind of music, and my neighbor prefers another, why make both unhappy by an official mixture?

Is, then, unity nothing? We reply, Why seek for unity in forms instead of in the spirit? Some formal expression of unity may be necessary, but it should be of the simplest kind. Many have objected to the Creeds because they are neither praise nor prayer; and with the modern dislike of tests, creeds are perhaps not the most heartfelt reconcilers. But we have the noblest of all the writings outside of the New Testament in the great Hymn of Praise, which, in part, has been the heritage of the Church ever since the days of paganism. The *Te Deum* embodies the Creed in a less dogmatic form in its expression, but surely no one could refuse to see a fellow Christian in the man or woman who joins in that hymn.

What course, then, might be followed? Let the Anglican Church say, 'Any body of Christians which officially adopts, generally or occasionally, the *Te Deum* in its public services may then be corporately in communion with the Church of England for the voluntary interchange of worshipers and the invited coöperation of ministers.' Each body would hold to its own organization and forms, no one need be scandalized by attending any service which is not helpful to him, anyone belonging to an associated body might fully join in any of the allied services. There would be no bar of church or chapel, Conformity or Nonconformity, in the united 'Church of Praise.'

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THE PARADOX OF INDEMNITIES

BY JAMES MARTIN

Mr. Norman Angell has not even yet lost all of those faithful disciples who preached the doctrines of his 'Great Illusion' untiringly in every European language wherever men were eager to persuade themselves that war was a calamity which could never again descend upon the world. And there is really no more reason to dispute his general conclusions to-day than there was when his book made its first sensational success. Based upon a few selected axioms of modern economics, it is a wholly logical argument that, so far as it goes, is quite convincing. Unfortunately, it ignores a great many vital considerations in international affairs which, as the war proved, can at any moment override the purely economic arguments with which its author is concerned. For instance, his most dramatic statement was to the effect that the declaration of war between any two great nations would within twenty-four hours throw all the stock exchanges and the banks in Europe into such appalling chaos that no government could carry on. Such chaos did, in fact, ensue. But Mr. Angell's practical conclusion from his argument was made to appear quite ridiculous when the government had recourse to the perfectly simple expedient of ordering a *moratorium* until the necessary arrangements had been made to restore public credit.

Mr. Norman Angell's other celebrated conclusion, which practically insisted that indemnities (as well as conquests of territory) must invariably be an injury instead of a benefit to the country that obtained them, was based, not on a misleading syllogism, but on a direct misinterpretation of economic facts. For the effect of his paradox he relied mainly on the experience of Germany after the Franco-Prussian war. It is historically true that after that war, when France had lost two of her richest provinces and had been compelled to pay a war indemnity of £200,000,000, the result on both countries were the reverse of what was expected. France, defeated, mutilated, and forfeiting an enormous ransom to her conqueror in addition to her own costs in the war, recovered with astonishing rapidity and entered almost at once upon a period of remarkable prosperity and expansion. German trade, on the other hand, fell very soon afterwards into a state of acute depression, and bankruptcies and unemployment increased to an alarming extent.

What more convincing proof of Mr. Angell's theory could be demanded? The French press of the years that followed the war abounded in commentaries on the indemnity which bear out his reasoning. A writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1876 even stated that it was popularly believed that Germany was seriously thinking of returning the indemnity, but would not do so for fear that France would refuse to receive back *les milliards empoisonnés*. And a very plausible explanation can be given to prove that an indemnity must recoil disastrously on the heads of those to whom it is paid. Briefly, the argument is that an indemnity

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can only be paid either in gold or in commodities and services; and, whereas so large a payment in gold would, according to Mr. Angell's reasoning, soon bring about a serious rise in prices, payment in commodities involves underselling, or even driving out of the market, the manufacturers of those same commodities at home. Again, up to a certain point, the argument is based on common sense. Suppose, for instance, that Germany offers to pay in coal or in shipping the indemnity demanded by the Allies, the direct result (assuming that no precautions are taken by the Allies) would be to give an enormous stimulus to both those industries in Germany. At present the shortage of both ships and coal is so great that, even with the maximum output of Germany, we could probably not obtain enough of either to meet the existing demand. But when once the demand was overtaken we should certainly find ourselves confronted with a much stronger and more firmly established competition from Germany than before.

But here we meet with the essential considerations which Mr. Angell, in his enthusiastic reasoning from a few instances, entirely overlooked. If it be true that indemnities are at all times harmful to the country which receives them, then clearly we ought to reconsider the demand that is now being made from Versailles. The paradox of the Franco-Prussian indemnity requires more investigation than Mr. Angell gave to it; and such inquiry shows that the relative depression of Germany after the war was due to other causes. The indemnity was paid by France at a time when speculative enterprise in Germany had become dangerously prevalent; and the anticipation of the influx of the French milliards did, in fact, stimulate that activity disastrously. Consequently, there was a remarkable 'boom' in German trade during 1872, with considerable over-production. Manufacturers were continually laying out more capital in extensions of their business, and speculative builders were erecting houses and factories everywhere with fantastic expectations of future profits. But even this artificial inflation of credit need not necessarily have led to a serious downfall had there not been a sudden financial crisis which caused a great number of important bankruptcies in Vienna, in 1873; and this was followed a few months later by another great crisis in New York, in which a great deal of German capital, lent to the Northern States during the Civil War, was involved.

It is essential to think clearly on this question of over-production and trade 'booms.' There is no doubt whatever that, if labor trouble is avoided, we are about to experience a very remarkable 'boom' in this country. What is commonly known as 'over-production' actually took place in some directions during the war. The output of munitions, for instance, and to some extent of agricultural produce, was encouraged in the United Kingdom almost without any limit, and the most expensive plant was installed in enormous new factories. Now that the war is over, the markets are already, or will be before long, glutted with various commodities, and for the time being there is unemployment in certain trades. Under the new conditions, a new and different phase of economic expansion is to be expected to meet the existing demand for foods, raw materials, and many necessaries of life. And here also we must expect that this cumulative effort to satisfy the present world shortage will before long overtake the demand, and again there will be a glut of commodities that are now scarce. The French

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indemnity did accelerate and intensify such over-production in Germany, simply because the German Government used its resources recklessly. It lent money too freely and thereby encouraged further speculation. Moreover, there was this vital difference between the situation at that time and that of Europe to-day, that the war had been short and overwhelmingly decisive. It cost Germany very little, and she reaped the enormous benefits of the acquisition of Alsace-Lorraine and also of an indemnity unprecedented in its magnitude. Germany had no need to concern herself with paying off an enormous legacy of debt caused by the war, and she was able to spend the money too freely.

There is no reason whatever to believe that the German indemnity which the Allies now demand need have any adverse results to the Allied countries. On the contrary, with prudent administration, it can go far to fulfill the purpose of repairing the worst ravages of war. On all sides there is a shortage of essential requirements which must be bought in any case out of public credit, and the German payments can help to meet these expenses. For the time being we can absorb a great deal of German coal and iron. The amount of gold which can be exacted will, when it is divided among the Allies, not go very far, and it can be best utilized to restore the balance of our foreign trade. What the government must see to is that each installment of the indemnity is used productively.

So long as there are productive purposes to which this reparation money could be put, it is even doubtful whether it would be wise finance to employ it mainly for the redemption of our war debt. Suppose we receive £600,000,000 or £800,000,000 as our share of the first payment by Germany, there will be many critics to urge that half at least of that sum should be set aside to buy back war bonds at favorable rates. But to do so would have the immediate effect of distributing a great deal of hardly saved money among people who might or might not put it to productive use. It might quite easily result in a sudden boom of the luxury trades, which the war has almost killed, so that this portion of the indemnity which the government might have utilized productively would be spent largely on extravagant follies instead. On the other hand, the result might be different, and the state of the money market must be taken into account. It may be that there will be so keen a demand for capital to start useful enterprises that the banks and other money-lending capitalists, rather than investors of smaller amounts, will wish to sell out their government stocks, which at present yield them a safe five per cent. The Treasury experts should know pretty accurately who are most likely to avail themselves of any large redemption of the National Debt. In itself, the reduction of the debt is immensely important, and the more it is reduced the easier it will become for the government to borrow more cheaply and to substitute, as far as is possible, a cheaper series of bonds for the present issue. Without resorting to compulsion they might be able to raise a new loan at, say, three and a half per cent, and use the proceeds of it to pay off the present war loan whenever it came into the market on favorable terms.

Everyman

REPLENISHING THE BRITISH MERCANTILE MARINE

NEVER before in the history of the British Mercantile Marine have shipowners been faced by such a tre-

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mendous problem as now faces them in making good the ravages caused to shipping by Germany's unrestricted submarine warfare, whereby many thousands of tons of shipping have been lost during the war. In this connection Liverpool has probably lost more shipping tonnage than any other port of the kingdom, owing to the fact that Liverpool has been, during the war, the principal shipping port of the kingdom, and the submarine warfare was, therefore, almost entirely concentrated on the shipping routes leading to the Mersey. According to the official returns published by the Liverpool Steamship Owners' Association, which comprises practically all the large shipping lines of the Mersey port, the companies forming that association lost from war perils alone nearly 2,000,000 gross tons of its effective shipping, while during the war period the same companies also lost by marine perils another 200,000 tons, these losses to a great extent being caused by the extinction of the coast leading lights, the removal of navigation aids, the steaming of the vessels without lights in crowded waters, and the necessity of having to sail in close formation while in convoy.

Of this vast amount of shipping tonnage lost through the war most of the vessels consisted of large passenger and cargo liners which, naturally, could not be replaced during the war with vessels of a similar type, because the various shipbuilding centres were adapted for only certain classes of ships. Up to within recent months some 1,200,000 tons have been replaced by purchased tonnage and new ships which have been added to the fleets of the respective companies. Most of the Liverpool shipping companies have lost very seriously, in fact, one or two of the lines have lost as much as two thirds of their effective tonnage, and with a view to making up the great shortage of tonnage, now that hostilities have ceased, all the companies have given orders for steamers to take the place of those which have been sunk. Consequently, the large shipbuilding firms of the kingdom are exceptionally busy turning out merchant tonnage. One case in point which will suffice to show how the shipping companies have suffered, and which can be taken as typical of the whole of the large companies — the White Star Line lost no less than 148,145 gross tons of their fleet, including the 48,000-ton liner Britannic which, it will be remembered, was torpedoed in the Ægean Sea while employed as a hospital ship, and other such famous liners as the Oceanic, Arabic, Laurentic, Cymric, Afric, Georgic, Cevic, and Delphic. To make good this heavy deficit in tonnage the White Star Line have, during the period of the war, added a number of fine steamers to their fleet, and are continually purchasing or building to replenish their lost tonnage. Among the vessels which have been added may be mentioned the liners Rimouski and Vedic, which are at present in commission and doing extremely good work; the Regina, of a gross tonnage of about 16,300 tons, also in commission; the twin-screw 11,500-ton steamer Bardic, which has recently arrived at Liverpool from Belfast direct from the builders; and other liners which are under construction for the company are the Pittsburgh and the Homeric. The Pittsburgh will be a sister ship to the Regina, and will be of about 16,300 gross tons, of triple screw, and is completing at the yard of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, of Belfast; while the Homeric is expected to be a steamship of about 33,000 tons gross register. When taken over by the White Star Line the Bardic was

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building at Messrs. Harland and Wolff's yard at Belfast for the shipping controller as a standard ship, and would have been known as the War Priam.

The Cunard Line is also adding very considerably to its present tonnage, which has been seriously depleted by the ravages of the German submarine, by the acquisition of purchased and also new tonnage, and one of the latest orders which the premier British shipping line has placed is with Messrs. Swan, Hunter, and Wigham Richardson, of Wallsend, for a passenger steamer 600 feet long with a displacement of 25,000 tons, and a deadweight capacity of 12,500 tons. In comparison with the Cunard liner Carmania, which is a favorite on the North Atlantic route, the new liner will have a larger displacement by about 6,000 tons. Some additional facts respecting the new liner were given recently by Sir Ashley Sparks, the New York director of the Cunard Line, when he said that the type of boat to be built by the line in the immediate future would be an improved Tuscania or Franconia. 'The out-standing feature of the new boats,' he said, 'will be a combination of passenger and cargo-carrying capacity. It is difficult to say more than this just now, as the details will depend upon the architects' plans and many other considerations; but, speaking generally, economy of operation is the point aimed at. Probably the new boats will be oil-burners. Not only that, but there is a possibility of our converting our other vessels into oil-burners. There is very little doubt in my mind that the marine oil-furnace has a big future before it. It is likely that our new boats, to some extent at any rate, will be built with the geared turbine.'

The Franconia, the larger of the two boats mentioned by Sir Ashley, was one of the many large Cunarders lost in the war. She was built in 1911 by Messrs. Swan, Hunter, and had a gross tonnage of 18,150 tons. She had accommodation for 2,700 passengers, and a cargo-carrying capacity of from 8,000 to 9,000 tons. She was the same length, 600 feet, as the new boat now ordered. When it is recalled that the huge Aquitania carries less than 2,000 tons of cargo, the economy of vessels like the Franconia is apparent. The Tuscania, the other boat mentioned, was one of the few troopships lost during the war. She was built in 1914 at Glasgow, was driven by geared turbines, and had a gross tonnage of 14,348 tons, with a cargo-carrying capacity of about 6,200 deadweight tons.

Many of the vessels lost were of a special type adapted to their own particular trade, and now that the shipbuilding yards of the country have been relieved of the necessity of producing naval ships, they are turning their attention more completely to mercantile tonnage, and the shipping firms are placing orders almost daily with the shipbuilding firms for their special types of vessel. While it is somewhat difficult to get actual figures as to what contracts have been entered into for new tonnage, owing to the fact that many of the shipping lines are very reticent in announcing what orders they have given, it is common knowledge in shipping circles that one or two of the big shipping lines, with a view to making good their losses, have contracted with one of the principal shipbuilding firms of the country to take over the entire output of certain slipways for a period of years. In one instance it is stated that one of the large Atlantic lines has contracted for the output for a period of ten years, in which time they hope to make good all their losses. On these slipways will be constructed vessels of a type specially

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suitable to the company's many trades, from large liners to the smaller type of cargo boat employed in the firm's general service. Another large shipping firm has, it is stated, made a similar arrangement with a shipbuilding firm in the south of England to take over the new tonnage constructed in the firm's yard.

Messrs. Cammell, Laird and Company's extensive shipbuilding and ship-repairing yards at Tranmere Bay, and Birkenhead on the Mersey, are working to their utmost capacity constructing steamers for British owners, and among the lines for which they are at present building ships may be mentioned the Cunard Line, P. and O., Pacific Steam Navigation Company, and Elders and Fyffes. The order for the latter company is for three steamers of a special type, to be engaged in Messrs. Elders and Fyffes's regular service between England and the West Indies, for the carriage of bananas and other West Indian perishable produce. Great care has been taken in the design of these three new steamers, so as to secure the maximum space for fruit, and at the same time satisfy the peculiar conditions under which the boats operate. Hitherto the steamers of this line have been built on the Clyde or at Belfast, and it is a distinct triumph for Messrs. Cammell, Laird and Company and Mersey shipbuilding that the steamers which Messrs. Elders and Fyffes are having built to replenish the ravages made by the submarine warfare should be built at Birkenhead, where the facilities for expediting the building and construction of the most modern type of passenger and cargo liner are equal, if not superior, to those which can be offered by any shipbuilding port of the kingdom. The three new steamers are to have a speed of 15 knots, and with the many improvements making for efficiency which the long experience of the company has dictated to its superintendents, and which will be incorporated in the new vessels, they will be the finest vessels to be seen in the West Indies fruit trade.

The Statist

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TALK OF EUROPE

WHEN it comes to the matter of political trickery, modern nations one and all seem to be pretty well tarred with the same brush. The following incident retold with a flavor of Gallic irony by the *Cri de Paris* is said to have taken place at Toulouse.

On election day a young man came to a booth to vote.

'But, Monsieur,' said one of the overseers, 'you have already voted.'

'I? *allons donc!* I am certain that I have not.'

A search being made of the records, it is discovered that there has been an error in the recording of the Christian name. It is not Marius Tartarin that has voted but Gonzague Tartarin.

'Gonzague!' cried the young man 'you are quite sure that he has voted?'

'Yes, indeed! Look, here is the register.'

'Ah, how I regret not having been here,' said the young man. 'I would have embraced him with such pleasure. He is my father.'

'Your father?'

'Yes, and I have not seen him since he died, four years ago.'

AFTER a long, somewhat hysterical winter of jazz bands, jazz dances, and imported American farces, a winter whose journals and reviews have been given over as never before to lamenting the decadence of the British stage and suggesting means of reviving the great tradition, the intelligent playgoer has been treated to *Romeo and Juliet*. As was to be expected from Miss Edith Craig's association with the production, the play was beautifully, even exquisitely, staged. The play itself, however, according to Mr. W. J. Turner of the staff of *Land and Water*, was not *Romeo and Juliet* at all but something quite else. To quote from the review:

'This is not *Romeo and Juliet*, but *Captain Thingummebob, V.C., and Dolly*. Mr. Basil Sydney, in the part of the brave, thick-headed, but true-hearted Captain, was excellent. There was a rugged sincerity about his acting which carried conviction, and gave a strange and vivid atmosphere to the apothecary scene in Mantua — Mr. Stanley Howlett's apothecary was so good that this scene was like a bit of *Romeo and Juliet* interpolated into *Captain Thingummebob, V.C., and Dolly*. Another bit obviously interpolated was the speech about Queen Mab spoken with Elizabethan grace and exuberance by Mr. Leon Quartermaine; only once before, when a small boy, had I heard this speech spoken with such vivacity and polish, and that was by an actor with the name of Roy Redgrave — now probably forgotten.

As Dolly, Miss Doris Keane was all that one could and would expect. In a love scene from a balcony, by dint of keeping her voice low and her movements restrained, she almost succeeded at moments in making us think that pouting Dolly had a heart. In fact, we almost began to believe that Dolly was not real, in spite of her American accent; but we were quickly reassured in the potion scene, when she was completely her dear delightful self. The last scene underground, in a tomb, we felt to have been an error in imagination on the part of the author. It was not the sort of place that suited Dolly. It was impossible to conceive how Dolly, with her *savoir faire*, her knowledge of the world, and her good looks, could have got there so early. 'Could she have mistaken it for the Ritz?' a friend whispered to me. 'Some of these modern places have horribly gloomy outsides.' 'No,' I whispered back, 'the author has made a mistake; but he has called his play a tragedy, and it has got to end tragically.'

Thinking Dolly to be dead, when she is really only 'doped,' the Captain takes poison. It is unusual for a V.C. to take poison through a broken heart, but the psychology throughout *Captain Thingummebob, V.C., and Dolly* is very mixed. The height of incredibility is reached,

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however, when Dolly, awaking from her sleeping-draught, and finding Captain Thingummebob, V.C., dead, stabs herself fatally. As there was nobody there to see her faint, what she would really have done was to exclaim: 'How awful, poor old dear!', powder her nose, and leave the place immediately. An incongruous character was the Nurse (Miss Ellen Terry), who also seemed to have strayed into the play out of *Romeo and Juliet*.'

JUST at the moment, much is being said and written about the laxity in manners and morals which has appeared since the ending of the war. All great crises have had just such social reactions. The period of the French directory, for instance, was extraordinarily profligate and loose. Dancing, too, was the rage. Yet, though to-day's 'Jazz' is vulgar and Hottentot, it is less repulsive to modern minds than the Ball of the Victims made illustrious by the lovely Madame Tallien. These balls were the height of the fashion, and everybody had to wear a *coiffure à la Victime*, which, being interpreted, meant a style in which the hair was pulled up from the nape of the neck, and held by a comb to keep it out of the way of the guillotine!

For some years, therefore, we shall probably have to look forward complacently to unsettled weather in civilized manners and morals. But a reaction will come. The pagan days of the English Regency ended in Victorian propriety, horsehair furniture and crinoline.

THE word of the hour in France is *Le Taylorisme*. Though out of every thousand Frenchmen there are certainly not two who have read Taylor's books, everyone is certain that *Taylorisme* alone can save France. Somewhat taken aback by the energy and speed of her American visitors (*épatés* perhaps), the French have been carefully studying American industrial methods. Countless articles have appeared on American ideas of organization. The docks at Bordeaux, the railway to Paris were widely discussed. Evidently French *industriels* have decided that the Taylor system lies at the root of our success.

While France, however, appears eager to descend deeper and deeper into that pit of mechanical industrialism which, to borrow a line from Milton, is more than anything else responsible for having 'brought death into the world and all our woe,' the British magazines have printed several papers warning against the mechanizing of human beings. It is inconceivable that France, the France of Cyrano, the France of liberty and art should be thus ready to deliver up her soul.

THE following interesting letter from Von Hindenburg, which the writer does not recall having seen reprinted in any American journal, appeared in the *Tägliche Rundschau* of March 26th.

'G.H.Q., Mar. 17, 1919. Public opinion has lately increasingly busied itself with the question why the Kaiser went to Holland. To prevent false judgments, I would briefly remark as follows on the subject: When, on November 9, the Imperial Chancellor, Prince Max von Baden, published the abdication of His Majesty the Kaiser and King, without any preliminary declaration of assent on his part, the German Army was not beaten, but its strength was vanishing, while the enemy prepared fresh masses for further attacks. The conclusion of the armistice was imminent. At this moment of extreme military tension, the revolution broke out in Germany. The insurgents seized behind the back of the army the Rhine bridges, together with important magazines and traffic centres, thereby the supply of munitions and necessaries was endangered, while the rations of the troops only sufficed for a few days. The communication and reserve troops dissolved, and there were also unfavorable messages as to the reliability of the field army proper. In such a situation, a peaceful return home of the Kaiser was inconceivable. This could only have been carried out forcibly at the head of loyal troops. The complete collapse of Germany would then have become unavoidable. To the struggle with the external enemy, who would undoubtedly have pursued, civil war would have been added. Neither could the Kaiser betake himself to the fighting forces in order to seek death at their head in a last attack. For this

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would have meant the postponement of the armistice so warmly desired by the nation, and the useless sacrifice of the lives of many soldiers. The Kaiser could, however, leave the country. He chose this solution in agreement with his advisers after endless heavy conflicts of soul, simply in the hope of thereby doing his country the best service, of sparing Germany further loss, distress, and misery, of restoring to her peace, quiet, and order. That the Kaiser was mistaken in this faith is not His Majesty's fault.'

Von Hindenburg.

Not the least interesting thing in the life of the Rev. William Spotswood Green, who died recently in Ireland, was that he saved the Aran Islands from the famines which used to visit them every five or six years. He began life in the Irish Church, thinking that he had a vocation, but he soon discovered as he once put it, that the only clerical post he would have cared for would have been that of chaplain aboard a pirate. Much of his life was spent knocking about the coast of Cork, studying marine zoölogy — one of his many branches of knowledge. He believed that he could add to knowledge by deep-sea dredging for new forms of life, and asked the British Museum to equip him. They refused, but said they would pay highly for new specimens, so he chartered a small steamer and went to dredge in 400 fathoms off the West Coast. He got his specimens, but he also noted mackerel spawn floating outside the Aran Islands in May, at a time when mackerel were not to be caught on the usual grounds. He drew the conclusion that there could be a spring mackerel fishing, and this conclusion bore fruit when Mr. Arthur Balfour, having established the Congested Districts Board, looked out for a man who could develop the fishing industry. If the Aran Islands are to-day a prosperous community, the thanks are chiefly due to Green.

The story is too long to tell here; but to bring the thing off a man was needed who had scientific knowledge and could use it, who had practical seamanship, practical knowledge of fishing, and ability enough to grasp the procedure necessary for establishing a new line of trade. But, above all, there was needed a man who knew Ireland intimately and could work with Irish peasants as one of themselves. In the twenty years which he gave to this work, Green acquired an amazing skill at this. He had the knowledge that comes of love — and it was linked, as so often in Ireland, with an almost cynical insight. He knew every rock off the coast, every place where you could beach a boat, and almost every man on the coast; and he knew the history of every place. Above all, he specialized on the history of the Armada's disaster; and after long study of all the documents, English and Spanish, which bore on the fate of the Spanish flagship, La Rata, he concluded that she must have grounded in Blacksod Bay; local knowledge of wind and tide told him where she would have struck — and that, given a day with an east wind helping the ebb of springs, she would be discoverable. The proudest moment of his life was probably when, having got wind and tide right, he went to the place, looked for her, and found her scarcely more than covered by the shallow water. Bits of her timber — Spanish chestnut — were in his museum of curiosities. There must be scores who will feel that this man taught them more about Ireland than anyone else could have done, in the course of delightful companionship, for choice in a boat. And there will be hundreds, if not thousands, of peasant folk along the coast line from Donegal to Cork, whether you go eastwise or go west, who will feel when they read of his death that they have lost, perhaps a benefactor, but, anyhow, a friend.

The proposal to sink the German warships now at Scapa has roused a storm of controversy. And it certainly seems wasteful to sink in the Atlantic vessels which cost millions of dollars to construct. But can anything else be done?

The question of breaking up has been carefully considered as a proposal (the ultimate decision will rest with the Peace Conference), but this would not altogether dispose of questions of allocation. Moreover, the British have many obsolete vessels of their own which it is desired to break up, but the necessary labor is not available, and to add to the number of

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vessels would accentuate the difficulties. Even were the labor available the breaking up is estimated to require three years to complete, and the yield beyond actual expenditure is computed at $25,000,000 at most. The idea of turning the ships to commercial account by making them cargo carriers will not stand the test of even casual examination. They are not built for that purpose, and are too costly to run (to say nothing of conversion) for this to be a sound business proposition. This is not mere conjecture, because the British Admiralty tried turning warships into transports early in the war, and knows, by bitter experience, the expensive and unsatisfactory nature of the result.

Making use of the vessels for breakwater purposes is likewise quite an impracticable suggestion, and here, also, there is actual experience as a guide. Again, the retention of the surrendered vessels as fighting units is not practicable. The British Government's experience with ships of special construction like the Triumph and Swiftsure proved how exceedingly awkward and costly it was to effect repairs or make replacements from stores which were organized on more or less standardized plans. The German vessels would be worse than useless without the German yard's special appliances and equipment for these particular vessels. Even if this difficulty disappeared in some magical fashion the ships (with the possible exception of the Baden) are already obsolete or obsolescent. The British Admiralty will not look at big gun equipment for future battleships under 13.5 or 15-inch calibre guns, and the American Navy speaks of 16-inch weapons. These are some of the considerations which prompt the attitude of the British Admiralty, but every other suggestion has been met with equally practical objections.

As to the German destroyers, a high naval authority recently remarked: 'We have no use for vessels of this type, with iron steampipes and paper washers — vessels that deal with four tons of water for every ton distilled.'

MAY DAY, which corresponds to the American Labor Day, was awaited anxiously in all European capitals. In general, it passed off without incident. Paris, however, was the scene of violent disorder.

The day, which began very impressively with a complete stillness due to the cessation of all work, ended with a number of scrimmages, police charges, and a somewhat prodigal discharge of revolvers in various parts of Paris. The authorities had mobilized great forces, and at no time was the situation disquieting, save for those who were suffering from the rather violent attentions of the police. Many a placid bourgeois who went out to see what he could, must have had an aching head and a lively sense of the lack of discrimination with which the blows of the police fell upon the just and the unjust alike.

Of the demonstrators about 350 were injured, among them M. Paul Poncet, Deputy for the Seine (who was badly knocked about) and M. Jouhaux, Secretary of the General Labor Federation (who received a black eye), and one was killed, a young mechanic named Charles Lorne. Of the police 250 were injured, among them being 50 serious cases, and a sub-inspector. The mechanic Lorne, who was killed in a struggle round the Opéra and in front of the *Times* office, was running up the Rue de la Michodière, when he was shot from behind. As, according to the official statement, the police had no revolvers, and the troops no ball cartridges, the inference is that Lorne was killed by a fellow demonstrator.

The struggle swayed along the Grands Boulevards to the Gare de l'Est, where the demonstrators were met by a compact body of police. The mob, armed with staves from the tree-fences, attempted to force its way through, but was scattered by the Republican Guard, and took refuge in the station yard. Driven onward by the police, who scaled the palings, they fought in the waiting rooms, and even on the trains. Later another collision occurred in the Boulevard du Temple, but three companies of the 59th Infantry and a troop of Dragoons who were hurriedly brought up finally dispersed the mob. Toward nightfall, the Place de la République became the centre of disturbance. Youths between the ages of 14 and 18, tearing up tree-fences,

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began a regular assault on the police. Many of these youths were foreigners, and almost all had revolvers or knuckle-dusters. By 10 o'clock the police and Guards had sustained some 70 casualties, and, needless to say, the mob had fared worse. By now the masses had begun to disperse home, but the troops and the police patrolled the streets till close upon midnight. Several hundred persons were arrested during the day, but only about 50 were detained in custody.

While after the carnage of war it may seem a trifle ridiculous to make a bother over one killed, a few revolver shots, and numbers of bruised heads, such things have their importance in the twilight of peace through which we are passing. They exert their influence, not only directly upon politics and the standing of Governments, but also upon class tendencies. The French workingman, judged as a whole, has done well during the war. In any judgment of his class it is necessary to make a distinction between the political Socialist Party and the working classes as a whole. Numbers of hot-headed youths, who have been fed upon propaganda, were undoubtedly to be found in the streets during the demonstration.

The action of the Paris police would appear to be almost bound to swell the ranks of the extremists. Yet the demonstration was made in favor of the eight-hour day, which has been passed by Parliament, of complete amnesty, rapid demobilization, a just peace, and of disarmament, all of which are the aims of the Peace Conference. This demonstration was also a protest against military intervention in Russia, against which the 'Council of Four' has likewise set its face.

The Socialist and Labor organs naturally hold M. Clemenceau responsible for these events, and immediately Parliament reassembles the Socialists will raise a debate upon the action of the police. The protest of Labor may be made by other than Parliamentary means. At hurriedly summoned meetings there was a good deal of talk about the advisability of bringing about a general strike.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Signor Orlando's 'Reply to Mr. Wilson' is reprinted from the official copy distributed to the press by the Italian Press Bureau.

* * *

Professor Charles Cestre of the University of Bordeaux has long been a friendly student of American affairs. During 1917-18, he was exchange professor at Harvard University.

Lord Hugh Cecil is a distinguished leader of British liberalism, and has been closely connected with the British committee on the League of Nations.

* * *

George Santayana, sometime Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, is now living in England.

* * *

Winifred Stephens is a prominent student of social questions.

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COCK-CROW

BY VERA GOODWIN

In the dimness of the morning when silver light is taking
The Garden trees, and night stirs like a frightened fawn,
It seemed the world might hear no more from sleeping unto waking
But a cock crowing twice in the gray of the dawn.

In the hoar twilight of morning when deep shadows are driven
From the Garden pathways, and dew shines on the lawn,
It seemed as if there came a voice that cried to be forgiven
With bitter weeping out in the gray of the dawn.

In the windless hush of morning Who is it that has spoken?
Why does the Garden wait, with night-clouds half withdrawn?
It seemed that One, Thorn-Crowned, arose to mend a heart long broken
With Comfortable Words in the gray of the dawn.

The New Witness

DEATH IN BATTLE

BY CLIVE HAMILTON

Open the gates for me,
Open the gates of the peaceful castle, rosy in the West,
In the sweet dim Isle of Apples over the wide sea's breast,
Open the gates for me!

Sorely pressed have I been
And driven and hurt beyond bearing this summer day,
But the heat and the pain together suddenly fell away.
All's cool and green.

But a moment agone,
Among men cursing in fight and toiling, blinded I fought,
But the labor passed on a sudden even as a passing thought,
And now — alone!

Ah, to be ever alone,
In flowery valleys among the mountains where never foot has trod,
In the dewy upland places, in the garden of God,
This would atone!

I shall not see
The brutal, crowded faces around me, that in their toil have grown
Into the faces of devils — yes, even as my own —
When I find thee,

Oh, Country of Dreams!
Beyond the tide of the ocean, hidden and sunk away,
Out of the sound of battles, near to the end of day,
Full of dim woods and streams.

The Revei

SHAKESPEARE DAY: WARWICKSHIRE

BY A. H. L.

Thou fairest corner of the earth
Where dancing spring,
Tiptoe on winter's track of dearth,
Her arms afling,
Scatters broadcast treasures of light
And leaves her trail
A rainbow splendor flashing bright
O'er hill and dale:
What wonder that thy greatest son
Drew from thy breast
The magic power that made him one
Among the blest
Immortal choir! Or that he,
Where all might reign,
Is set King above all to be
And to remain!

The Spectator

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